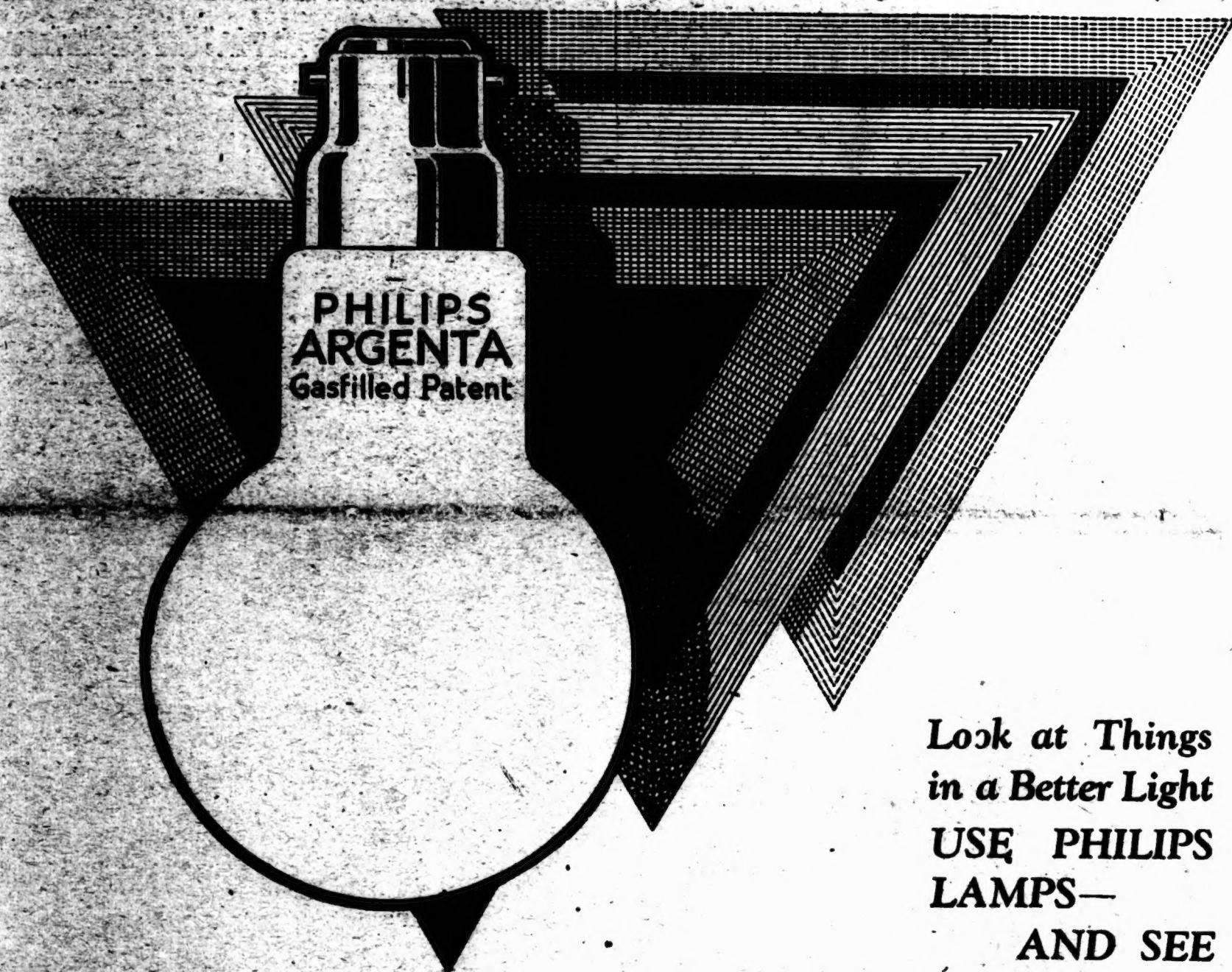


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The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Dreadfully Perplexing.

Ministerial changes are still in the air, but the Cabinet finds it as hard to reconstruct itself as to reconstruct anything else. Its members don't know what to do about agriculture or unemployment, or what to do with each other.

"Calls" or Catcalls?

A play that has not made a hit by the third act is seldom saved by the fourth or fifth. The farce (or tragedy) of the present Parliament is limited to five acts, but, until it must, the Government is positively afraid to ring down the curtain.

Optimism.

Mr. Baldwin seems inclined to plump for an early General Election. Let it come. The country is tired of windy noise and nothing doing in Parliament. It's time electors got a chance to make their will felt.

Spend Less.

Churchill will be "up against it" with his fourth Budget. "Shaking the trees" has not yielded this year the expected fruit. Unless he makes a big cut in expenditure, three bad Budgets will be followed by one much worse.

A Mere Cameo.

The by-elections now on have wrongly been called "a General Election in miniature." They don't touch the great industrial regions. Bring these in, and we should get the sensation picture of the year.

The Organ Swell.

A remarkable note of confidence from every quarter greets 1933. To believe the best is to work and ensure its achievement. Optimism, wedded to effort, can still produce miracles.

Convalescence.

Ten years since the war! This is the year of recuperation. If rulers won't recognise it, the country must. There's more than one way possible of jogging up a sleepy Government.

Honours.

The "Honours List" was more amusing than interesting. More amusing still is the number of persons who annually "decline with thanks." Holding a title is a costly amusement.

In Spite of All.

Industrial troubles notwithstanding, 1926 saw fewer bankruptcies than either of the preceding four years. With unemployment tackled there need be none. The country is thrifty, when it gets a chance.

Fair Offer.

Welsh tinplate workers pledge themselves to do everything possible to produce good work so long as employers co-operate equally. What's sauce for one is certainly sauce for the other.

Curious.

Flour in the home counties has suddenly dropped and is the "lowest for months." Still no reduction in the cost of bread. The reason why would be interesting—if given truthfully.

Houses.

Houses going up in all directions, but still none being built that slum-dwellers can occupy. New legislation, forcing destruction of houses that have outlived their day, is imperatively needed.

Wanted, Inventors.

The man who can combine roominess with cheapness in small house building has the road to fortune before him. There's plenty of scientific inventiveness in the country. At present it isn't put to the best uses.

Ever Thus.

Sixty years ago, points out the *Star*, compulsory education was greeted with "hostility, ignorance, indifference, avarice, greed, parsimony and fear." The visions of yesterday become to-day's commonplace. It is an encouragement to reformers.

Good Idea.

The suggestion is made for secondary schools to engage a special "master" who has knocked about the world, to get to know the boys and switch them on to right lines for a career. Signals are used for trains; why not for human beings?

Men in Making.

"Every boy's life a private fight" isn't a good enough motto for this age of progress. Better if the nation said, "Let us know what you can do and we'll back you up for all you're worth." It would pay, too.

Odd Jobs.

Unswep snow caused endless accidents because the odd-job man was non-existent. Not the "dole," but red tape is to blame. Even an unemployed man should be able to earn an extra shilling without being compelled to starve on subsequent days.

Too Rigid.

No man should be compelled to risk uncertainty in exchange for comparative security. With a little management even unemployment insurance could be made to cover unexpected happenings. The great frost caught authority napping.

Gilbertian.

That a premium should be put on idleness and inaction given a cash value is grotesque. Even occasional handling of a spade is better. Any Government not composed of wooden-heads would insist that waiting work and workless men met.

Pity Pit Ponies.

For cruelly ill-treating a pit pony, Luke Parkinson at Pontefract was sent to eighteen days' hard labour, richly deserved. All the same, the real remedy is electrical haulage. Ponies must be brought up from the mines.

Win a "Bullets" Tenner!

This slogan is revived for one week only. Twenty £10 prizes follow a £300 First in "Bullets." (See Page 39.)

Deeds of Daring.

Eleven lives a week is the lifeboat record of rescues for more than 100 years. Bravery in deadly peril makes seamanship synonymous with heroism.

Poison for Youngsters.

In a "History of Great Britain and Ireland" used in schools, more than a quarter of the letterpress is given up to wars and army organisation. Teachers object and so do we. It's knocking down with both hands what the League of Nations is working to set up.

Catch 'Em Young.

Another history designed for "lower forms" gives sixty-six pages out of 160 to war and ignores social and industrial matters. France knows better. She publishes text-books free from bias, giving the life not of rulers only, but the masses.

Fixing Blame.

The Ministry of Agriculture intends to sue farmers who neglect to report diseased stock. It's a proper move. The public cannot pay out huge sums indefinitely to recoup men whom a bit of swift action might have saved.

Work That's Needed.

"Where there's dirt there's danger" is the slogan of the Health and Cleanliness Council. If it forces the destruction of slum houses where cleanliness is no longer possible, its work will be even better.

The Downhill Way.

Wages of Yorkshire miners will soon be reduced by 4d. a shift and correspondingly every trader in the district will suffer. What isn't earned can't be spent. That's the tragedy of it all.

On with the Dance.

A new submarine is to be built at Chatham. We don't want it. Nor, when trust replaces fear, will we have it. Merchant ships will be built instead.

Act, Please.

We call the attention of the Ministry of Labour to the admitted increase of sweating in the tailoring trade. If Trade Boards were set up to prevent sweating, why don't they do it?

Pensions.

For the first time this year 450,000 old people draw pensions. It's a welcome expenditure that will return in trade. That's the best part of keeping even the old out of the workhouse.

Relaxation Wanted.

If English seaside towns are to "pick up" during the coming summer, war-time restrictions must be removed. Continental freedom leads to abandonment of English for Continental watering-places.

A Warning.

Casting out unwanted dogs when licences can't be paid is a criminal act punishable by law. Policemen will always advise as to painless destruction. If you can't be as kind as you want to be, be as kind as you can.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Insult to Injury.

Not only are six Glasgow families homeless as a result of fire, but a woman tenant of the burning building who went to give the alarm was robbed of £2. So despicable a thief deserves to be caught and pilloried.

Plenty of Clog.

"He has had plenty of clog," declared the father of a Doncaster lad charged with theft. With the magistrate's clerk we exclaim, "If you have kicked him you are no father," and urge him to try affection instead.

Remembered Lesson.

The meaning of "1914" and the lesson are not forgotten in some localities. Colne then made its contribution to the world's tragedy. Now, its town council has refused the Army authorities permission to display a recruiting-poster board outside the Municipal Hall.

Eve and the Profits.

A commendable idea is that of the British Housewives' Association, which is to send out a monthly list of fair food prices to members. The best check on overcharging is a vigilant public, and by refusing to pay through the nose women will compel shopkeepers to see reason.

Postman's Plum.

A £1,500 brooch, found and taken to the police-station by Mr. Harris, an Earl's Court postman, was returned through him to its owner, who rewarded him with £150. An honest member of a public service who so cheerfully does his duty is well entitled to a plum when it comes his way.

Helping Youth.

Mr. Horace Taylor, a Driffield business man, is a practical benefactor. His provision for a trust to assist by grants and advice the training of young people leaving school for definite occupations strengthens a weak spot in our educational armour, and one of vital consequence to the nation.

Cost of Giving.

Here's a toast to the hundred Y.M.C.A. members who one night in sunny Cairo dined on soup and bread and cheese at 3d. a head, so that 350 homeless or unemployed souls in wintry London should have a bumper dinner. We congratulate them on knowing that giving up is the true art of giving.

Sparing the Rod.

We are glad Fakenham magistrates refrained from birching schoolboys of thirteen and eleven for the theft of seven pocket-knives, which they sold to comrades. The lads' fathers, who have to defray the costs, are the right people to administer punishment and suitable correction during the offenders' year of probation.

Tiny Hands and Feet.

Honour is added to the sincere sympathy we have for the young father who, bereaved both of his wife and infant daughter, walked into Charing Cross Hospital with a gift of the baby-clothing that had awaited his longed-for treasure. He knows life's deepest secret who turns his sorrow into a means of helping others.

Drug Dangers.

Morphine and heroin, with surgical instruments belonging to Dr. McManus, of Chester Square, are included in one of the latest of too-frequent thefts from doctors' unattended cars. When private people are slow to leave valuable articles by themselves in a car outside a house, doctors should be even more reluctant to leave dangerous ones.

Awful Ordeal.

Tramping about London, seeking work until tired out, Winifred Feltham, a twenty-three-year-old Welsh girl, was found helpless, with limbs frozen stiff, in the grounds of Alexandra Palace, where she had lain exposed three days. Recovering in Edmonton Hospital, she now wants a further boon, women friends who will watch over and care for her when she comes out.

Gallant Bobby.

Three out of six occupants of a burning building in Southampton owe their lives to P.C. Brooks, who collapsed after his effort to bring down an old woman of seventy, too terrified to move. We are glad artificial respiration restored a courageous officer and wish him less nerve-racking experiences when next on his beat.

In the Pits.

Entering the mines as a boy of seven, William Aspin, a Lancashire collier, left them an old man of seventy-two. Until the few remaining years of his life he never saw the sun except on Sunday, and then it did not always shine. He is dead, but there are others underground. It's as well to remember the fact when we enjoy our winter fires.

Four-footed Faithfulness.

Two Middlesbrough residents, whose lives were saved by their dog warning them that the fish shop over which they slept was ablaze, forgot the animal in the rush of escape. It was rescued by a fireman, who found it huddled with its head buried in a heap of clothes. We thank that fireman. It's worth a struggle to save the life of a chum, even though he be but a dog.

This and That.

Albert Wolsey, contractor, of Holborn Viaduct, was fined £5 at Guildhall for permitting meat to be carried in unclean vans. Henry Leslie Stovold, of Chapel-en-le-Frith, was mulct of a like amount for taking a Christmas-tree out of a Derbyshire magistrate's plantation. The one had damaged a gentleman's property to a slight extent, while the other had endangered the lives of the people. Comment is needless.

The Human Machine

Get Busy!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

WHERE are you going? What are you going to do? What do you want to do?

This is 1928—have you given any of these questions a thought?

I wonder if you're still ambling gently along through life, hoping for the best, expecting something to turn up some time?

You won't get anywhere that way, you know, although it's astonishing how many people think they will.

Yet these same people wouldn't dream of setting out on a voyage without a carefully prepared chart: they would never start a journey into an unknown land without all sorts of maps and compasses and guides.

Why should they be so reckless with the much more perilous and far more unknown journey through life?

THE only way to get anywhere in life is to make up your mind where you want to go and then go. Keep on going—and get all the help you can.

You must plan your life. You must prepare charts and maps and seek out the best roads. You must dig and delve and carve, and clear these roads of obstacles.

I expect by now you have broken all the New Year resolutions you made! Never mind—make another! Resolve to sit down quietly for five minutes and plan your life.

Resolve to aim at something definite and resolve to achieve your aim before the end of the year.

Stop drifting amiably around and get after something. Things may come your way—but you'll get them a darned sight quicker if you chase them!

Behind the Times.

Only one of the five girls' schools in Twickenham possesses a sewing-machine for tuition purposes. A proposal properly to equip the sewing class was defeated, so the Twickenham girls must use old-fashioned, instead of up-to-date, methods. Not particularly creditable to Twickenham.

Facts to Ponder.

When George Isaac Trowbridge, a boy of eighteen, was bound over at the London Guildhall for theft, it transpired that he was the father of two children, but now legally separated from his wife. Before we talk about child marriage in other countries it would be as well to set our own house in order.

Crying Scandal.

Profound disquiet is felt by women that the Harrow Road Lock Hospital has 170 female patients and no single woman on its board of management. The mistake must be remedied. Women are needed wherever women and children are under treatment, and in this kind of pitiful institution most of all.

Fine Story-teller.

Kiddies could hardly better be kept out of harm's way than by listening, as do as many as 150 at once, to Miss Robinson's evening story-telling sessions held at Bradford public libraries. So skilled is her tale-spinning that attendance has doubled since last winter. Cannot other townships spy out their Miss Robinson?

Save the Mothers!

Praiseworthy though it be for a midwife of seventy-eight to walk three miles weekly in Derby district to her cases, even the snows not preventing her, it is not right that women should have to rely on such meagre assistance at childbirth. Dame Janet Campbell's plea for subsidising and improving midwifery deserves every support.

No Off Duty.

Numbed by biting wind, two youths returning to Sheffield on bicycles would probably have died had not a local doctor, returning with a friend from a dance, found them and restored their circulation. "Watch-the-clock" workers might remember there are some jobs which to undertake with honour allow of no recognised "off time."

Welcome Friend.

More to be envied than hotel revellers on New Year's Eve was the man who, in evening-dress, patrolled the Victoria Embankment, shaking hands with and distributing half-crowns and 10s. notes to the poor and hungry. Once down and out himself and wishing to give some of his good luck away, we in turn wish it may return to him a hundredfold.

Poor Boy!

Because he suffered from St. Vitus' dance, a Leigh boy could not attend school, and at fourteen was unable either to read or write. Convicted of theft, he was bound over, ordered to be indoors each night at nine and on Sundays to attend a church or Sunday-school at least once. Had the magistrates no power to order him hospital treatment in addition?

Prizes for "Sarah Jane."

The late Dr. Winterbottom knew what he was about when he left a trust to provide the three unmarried domestic servants with the longest unbroken service in South Shields with money prizes. Who deserves consideration, if not the faithful retainer who not infrequently sacrifices the chance of having her own home for the sake of her employer's comfort?

Home Wrecker.

A queer husband is Edward Cassidy, a Castleford miner, whose recent record consists of his wife's roomful of shattered pictures, furniture, crockery and whisky bottles. It is just as well that for three months he will be where smashing, owing to want of objects, will be limited. If he would keep off drink when he leaves prison he might become a rational being.

Their Tribute.

"Dear Guardians," wrote three little orphans in the care of the Clitheroe Poor Law, "We wish you A Very Happy Christmas and A Joyous New Year. We hope all the guardians are enjoying the best of health and happiness and thank you for all you have done for us." A happy way of announcing that at last Bumble is dead!

Well-won Medal.

A year ago P.C. Dainty pursued on his bicycle the car containing Edgar William Smith, in connection with an alleged assault of a girl near Newark, and though wounded in four places by the man's revolver, clung on till he brought him to justice. May adherence to duty and protection of women keep bright the King's Police Medal now very rightly bestowed on him.

Sixpenny "Specs."

While cheap eye-glasses made by incompetent persons flood the market, one firm alone selling a million spectacles yearly at sixpence a pair, we learn with horror that a majority report set in motion by the Health Ministry moves that opticians should not be State registered. While the law lags, the only way for those unable to pay a qualified optician's fee is to consult a hospital.

Flood Heroes.

Though the disastrous Fleetwood floods have subsided, the acts of two constables remain permanent landmarks of duty done. The persistence with which Thomas Johnson continued to rouse inhabitants, though all but exhausted, and that of George Brothwood in wrapping his tunic round a lad marooned on a caravan and carrying him a mile through the flood, have fitly won their owners the King's Police Medal.

Everybody's Bairs.

Mrs. C. Thackeray, Mrs. H. Watson and Mrs. W. Rimington have just celebrated their seventieth birthday. Seventy years ago they were born triplets at Cracoe, near Skipton, and were so frail that none thought they could live. The villagers bought the parents a cow to ensure the mites plenty of fresh milk, and the dairy proved the winning trick. Those ancient dalesfolk knew the real meaning of neighbourliness.

Despicable Trick.

To ask a little girl to run to the shop for them while they held her basket was the brilliant plan conceived by Mrs. Martha Webb and her daughter, Gertrude Jarvis, of Dumbane Road, Eltham, and then, while the child obeyed, sneak off with the basket and the groceries it contained. Happily, the wits of one little victim, Gwendolen Mabel Abbott, have proved equal to them, and landed them where they deserve to be, in jail.

Try Again!

"Daddy, don't let them take me away!" screamed the seven-year-old son of Thomas Francis Tomlinson, in Clitheroe Police Court, when the magistrates, under a maintenance order, gave him into the custody of his mother—sure proof they thought her worthy. The child's love showed his father's worth. We think, for the little lad's sake, both should settle their differences and together make a home for him.

Prodigal Son.

Though the colliery proprietor whose son, Raymond J. Perkins, was committed at Abercarn to two months' and a day's imprisonment for obtaining £15 10s. by a worthless cheque and lodging to the value of £2 2s. on false pretences, cannot be expected to kill the fatted calf, we entreat him to abandon his refusal to have anything to do with the young man. Who, if his father will not, is likely to help him start afresh?

106 "Possibles."

With over a hundred addresses carefully noted in a book, Robinson Petherick, at Sheffield, has gone to hard labour for victimising women. To propose marriage was his plan, and at least four young women gave up their situations and spent their money on "preparations." The hope of establishing a home is ingrained in women, but this good trait must not dim common-sense. Enquiry into a wooer's past would often save trouble.

Sweat Shops.

"In a terrible state" is Mr. Bernard Sullivan's description of the tailoring trade as regards sweated labour. With 5,869 clothing firms on the list, only 299 were inspected last year, and of these very few kept proper records. With clothes to consumers at top-notch prices, there is no need for the scandal. An alert Government would end it.

Health Muddlers.

Why call it a "Health" Ministry that confines the term "overcrowding" to cases of more than two persons per room? Thank goodness, Manchester realises, in dealing with its slum areas, that the one thing needful is that the sexes should have separate sleeping-rooms. The sooner enquiries into unhealthy areas in London and elsewhere are conducted on this basis, the better for morality.

Punished Enough.

The Manchester magistrate rightly maintained that in addition to a £25 fine for a first offence, consisting of a theft of a carton of sausages and a packet of shirts and cloth, it would be an injustice to deprive Tom France, London Midland and Scottish Railway parcels agent, of his salary of £600 a year plus a £300 bonus and yearly pension of £500. After over forty years' honourable service, it would be inhuman not to give him another chance.

New Year's Snare.

Many people have received a postal surprise packet in the form of a neat booklet calendar for 1928, the first page of which bears the inspiring message, "Expand Your Business: 'He can conquer who believes he can.'" This is merely an ingeniously disguised moneylender's circular, sent out by L. A. Franks, of Mosley Street, Manchester, who offers to advance as much as £5,000 "entirely on your own signature." A pretty snare for the budding year!

Ballot in Disguise.

A South London reader has received a coupon from "Leda O'London, mail order specialists," of Bartlett's Buildings, London, E.C., entitling him to participate in a £1,000 cigarette ballot. A perusal of the conditions reveals the fact that he must send 1s. 6d. for a book of four similar coupons to be sold to four friends, who in their turn must do likewise. Of course, it is only the old snowball dodge presented from a different angle.

Out of Court.

An inquest on a hanged murderer is not the place for making controversial statements, yet Mr. R. Stuart Rodger, coroner, made some rash remarks at an inquest at Manchester on Frederick Fielding. First, he condemned reprieve petitions, then argued that Christ countenanced capital punishment and, finally, described persons who belittled the Bible as "intellectuals consumed with the vanity of criticism." This last phrase strikes us as being capable of being applied to Mr. Rodger.

"Young Dancer's Ordeal."

With reference to a story under the heading "Young Dancer's Ordeal: Foreign Contract Scandal," published in JOHN BULL dated October 22, 1927, we are informed that the paragraph appeared to some to imply that Mr. Dawndu, the manager of "The West African Shew" in question, was in some way responsible for what occurred. We are told that when Mr. Dawndu discovered the condition of the artist referred to, he did everything in his power to look after her welfare.

"JOHN BULL'S" FREE INSURANCE

50 more Cheques of £12 : 0 : 0

To Registered Readers.

See page 2.

Problems of Life

The Gentle Word

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

MANY years ago I wrote a review of the late Miss Marie Corelli's novel, "God's Good Man," which somehow came to the notice of that distinguished lady.



Dr. R. J. Campbell

She did not like it at all and wrote at some length to tell me so.

She was specially indignant with my strictures upon the liberties she took with the English language.

I had said that her writing was marred by split infinitives, and that while such expressions as "to gently lead" or "to quietly sit" were pardonable, the awkward phrase "to almost always

remember" was too much of a mouthful.

How she went for me! She laid bare my own weak points with merciless acumen and wound up what is popularly termed a good trouncing with the remark that there were plenty of split infinitives in Shakespeare and the Bible, but that she did not suppose I possessed much acquaintance with either.

THIS thrust so tickled me that I immediately surrendered and apologised to Miss Corelli for having found fault with her literary style.

She was a good sort. I have heard things about her since which redound greatly to her credit. She was a staunch friend, a generous giver, a warm-hearted helper of the needy and the weak, and though a good fighter and a hard hitter, she never stooped to meanness; all her blows were dealt openly and above the belt.

Which sort of person would you prefer to have to do with—the smooth-tongued sneerer or the rough-spoken but kindly critic of your ways who will never go behind your back to do you harm? There cannot be much doubt about the answer.

People like Betsy Trotwood in "David Copperfield" are as likeable as they are staunch and true, and, thank God, they are not rare.

It is good to have one or more of them beside you when you are in a tight corner. They will not slip out and leave you to it, nor will they betray you or take advantage of your extremity.

They may not pay you any compliments, but they will stand by you to the end.

If you possess such a friend stick to him and do not be put off by his less attractive mannerisms.

ON the other hand, it is necessary to remind ourselves that there is nothing meritorious in being rude. It is no mark of honesty to be offensive in speech.

Some people pride themselves on being what they call straightforward when they are merely impudent.

It is just as easy to show consideration for another's feelings as to wound them, and self-respect is evinced by treating one's neighbour courteously.

Truth can afford to be gracious.

A BREEZY OLD RASCAL

THE WILES OF WATKYN WILLIAMS

Oh, What a Liar!

THERE are many ways of waxing fat at the expense of others, but a pushful personage, who favours many names, and who has elected to operate recently as Colonel George Watkyn Williams, seems to have reduced all such dubious practices to a fine art.

No criminal in fiction ever brought off his coups with such facile touches as those revealed in the varied exploits of the doughty colonel. He does not go about attired in military uniform, but prefers to create a good impression by passing as a hale and hearty country squire.

In this guise he is wont to affect sporting garb, and his well-cut shooting-jackets or perfect plus-fours are garments which he knows how to wear with true rural majesty. But he adopts this pose solely for his own ends.

Colonel George Watkyn Williams was to be seen recently in the neighbourhood of Folkestone, having made his temporary home at a nice house in Stanley Road, Sheriton.

Winning manner

For a time his presence in the vicinity brought great joy to the hearts of certain shopkeepers, who were proud to be honoured with the patronage of such a distinguished-looking customer.

Apart from shooting-jackets, plus-fours and dress-suits, the colonel ordered furniture and household commodities to the value of several hundred pounds, and it seemed as if his presence in the district would bring prosperity to many.

His manner was so winning that shopkeepers felt it a perfect pleasure to serve him, and they were ill prepared for the ultimate displeasure that was theirs when they discovered that the sporting colonel, who had ordered their goods so freely, did not exhibit the same sportiness when it came to settling accounts.

There came a day when Williams disappeared from his pleasant house in Stanley Road, Folkestone, and though his creditors clamoured for him in vain, he had not fled the district.

With light-hearted disregard for his former dupes, he visited one or two adjacent hotels, where he was soon as big a hit again on account of his breezy, care-free manner.

These hotels, in turn, each received a big hit when the breezy colonel breezily departed without troubling to settle his accounts. It is deliberately executed coups of this kind that stamp Williams as the most facile crook of his class.

Bamboozling and bilking

In this sort of fashion he has contracted huge debts without having the slightest intention of honouring them; but bamboozling tradespeople and bilking hotel proprietors are by no means the only pastimes indulged in by this sporting colonel.

On occasion he has been known to

pose as an expert shoot organiser, and in this capacity he has advertised in a paper devoted to game-shooting and general sport to the effect that he is arranging a shoot at such-and-such a place on a forthcoming date.

There is no doubt that the colonel does actually hold "shoots" from time to time; but those who attend his sporting gatherings usually have a very poor run for their money, while in some cases they may be said to have no run at all.

One recent venture of this sort turned out to be a dismal failure, and



The Rt. Hon. Sir L. Worthington-Evans, G.B.E., M.P., Secretary for War, whose department states that George Watkyn Williams has no claim to the rank of colonel

a gentleman who had been induced by the colonel to finance it, has been trying for weeks to get some of his money back on the ground that it was obtained by Williams by misrepresentation.

On the black list

As the only effects the colonel appears to possess are claimed by his wife, the chance of recovering anything is remote indeed.

So this disillusioned gentleman who, in addition to the loss of his initial investment, has been put to considerable expense in the way of solicitors' fees, etc., is in a most unenviable position.

Even the newspaper in which the colonel advertised his recent "shoot" has had to put him on its black list because he has persistently omitted to pay his advertising bill.

There are also several unsettled judgments registered against this versatile gentleman, and his failure to settle one of them landed him in the Canterbury Bankruptcy Court the other day, where he appeared looking as breezy and as sporty as ever.

The fact that he was summoned thither to render a true and detailed account of his strange conduct did not seem to perturb him in the least, and he conducted himself throughout the proceedings with an air of nonchalance.

One of the questions he was asked

was whether he had ever been bankrupt before, and he smilingly replied in the negative. Perhaps that smile was born of confidence in the fact that he was such a ready liar.

At any rate, it served to mask the truth, which we here propose to reveal. In other names the colonel has been bankrupt at least three times before.

Hardened schemer

Notwithstanding his smiling assertion to the contrary, we would remind him specifically of Macclesfield in 1899, St. Albans in 1916 and Reading in 1920. On these occasions his liabilities ran into thousands.

His misstatement cannot have been due to any loss of memory, for he is still undischarged from the Reading bankruptcy to this day, and has therefore committed deliberate perjury.

Apart from that, however, he would also be committing a criminal offence every time he ordered goods on credit without disclosing the fact that he was an undischarged bankrupt.

His recent creditors at Folkestone and elsewhere did not know that he had previously been bankrupt, and they can very reasonably expect that the colonel will ultimately be prosecuted for his offences under the Bankruptcy Act. We therefore direct the notice of the Public Prosecutor to the matter.

But even the foregoing disclosures do not bring us to the end of our narrative. Colonel Watkyn Williams is not a colonel at all. Nor has he the remotest claim to such rank.

Man of many names

His real name is George Clifford Williams, and, apart from operating in the assumed name of Watkyn Williams—to which he has no right—he has passed on various occasions as "George Williams," as "George Clifford Charles Williams Wilson," as "Clifford Cresswell Charles Claude Hawler Herbert Williams," and as "Williams-Williams."

When he descended upon the Folkestone district he had only recently been discharged on licence from Peterhead Prison, where he had served a term of penal servitude for false pretences concerning one of his "shooting" propositions.

This is not the only time that this many-named rogue has been sent to jail.

For instance, at Winchester a few years ago he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for obtaining credit fraudulently. On this occasion he was not passing as a colonel, but in the lesser rank of a captain!

It will be seen that a further reckoning is mounting up against this man, and we sincerely hope that he will not evade it.

Will the Public Prosecutor take the action which this exposure of "Colonel" Watkyn Williams so clearly shows to be necessary?

Penalty of Acquittal

Remanded Man's Sad Plight

ONE of the most distressing aspects of our legal system is the manner in which a lengthy remand may penalise a person eventually found to be "Not guilty." The experience of Sidney B. Rands, of Eastbourne, is a case in point.

Some months ago Mr. Rands secured a good post at a salary of £10 per week; but seven weeks after taking up his duties he was arrested and charged with fraudulent conversion and falsifying accounts in a former position.

He pleaded "Most decidedly not guilty," but being unable to meet the heavy bail imposed, was remanded for trial and detained at Brixton Prison.

Of course, this meant sacrificing his new position, a crushing blow to one who had just passed through four months' unemployment.

No redress

For twelve weeks Rands languished in jail, finally being brought up at Lewes Sessions on October 11 of last year.

He told the court that he had never put a penny of his former employers' money in his pocket, but that he had since lost everything—his home, his property, his money, and his job.

After hearing all the evidence, the jury retired for barely fifteen minutes, and when it returned it pronounced a unanimous verdict of "Not guilty," and Rands found himself a free man once more.

But 'it is one thing to receive a favourable verdict in a court of justice and quite another to obtain justice or any measure of redress for the obvious wrongs entailed by a long detention on bail.

Rands, who is an accomplished man of forty-two, has since found it impossible to secure further employment, although he has offered his services at half his usual salary.

He assures us, moreover, that while he has applied to the Home Secretary for compensation, no redress of any kind has been offered.

Already he has lost over £200 in salary alone, and as a result of his long detention has been hard put to it to fend for his dependents. His expenses have mounted up steadily on all sides, and he declares that he and his family are almost destitute.

Scandalous system

Could anything be more lamentable? We are always reading of hardened rogues being allowed bail without question, even when it is practically a foregone conclusion that they will fail to appear at the appointed time.

Yet here we have a man with a good record committed to jail for twelve weeks, and then, when found "Not guilty" by a jury, he is left in straitened circumstances and with no means of redress.

Mr. Rands' experience may be the experience of any one of us tomorrow. A system so scandalous should be amended at once.

FRYZLER THE FIZZLE KING

A BRASS BAND BOUNDER

Clothes for Nothing!

TO be sublimely generous with other people's money seems to be the crowning ambition of an individual rejoicing in the name of Abraham Fryzler, of Whitechapel Road, London, E.

Fryzler is a Russian, and he has been a most conspicuous figure in the East End of London ever since he favoured this country with his presence a year or so before the war.

His operations, in fact, have been so breathless in sequence that they at once recall the words of an old music-hall ditty which, dealing with a dashing personage, spoke of his "rushin' here, rushin' there, rushin' everywhere."

But Mr. Abraham Fryzler's rushing propensities are a little too highly developed for many British tradespeople who have been involved with one or another of his various costumier businesses.

Inglorious end

A year or so ago, after one or two preliminary canters in East End districts, Fryzler, in the name of Freedman, got into touch with a gentleman, whom he eventually induced to become a partner in a business he contemplated opening in East Ham.

This gentleman put up £1,000, and a business was opened in the name of "Mikado and Freedman."

It was not long, however, before this venture came to an inglorious end, with heavy debts due to traders who had furnished goods on credit; the capital disappeared and the partnership dissolved.

Another of Fryzler's ventures was known as A. Freedman, Limited, a company registered at Somerset

House with a nominal capital of £1,000. As Fryzler held all the shares but one, the company was little more than a trading name for the irrepressible Abraham.

Formidable claims

With limited capital, and exhibiting a recklessness that would be hard to equal, Mr. "Freedman" migrated from the East to the West End, where he took over the tenancy of a shop in Oxford Street, and opened an up-to-date costumiers.

To enable him to do this, he entered into commitments of not less than £40,000, but as the bulk of this huge sum was only represented upon paper, it is not surprising that "Freedman" ultimately closed down.

Subsequently, Fryzler operated as a costumier at another shop in the East End, where he ordered thousands of pounds' worth of goods on credit.

He carried on manfully, regardless of the debts that were mounting steadily on all sides, until his landlord refused to wait any longer for his rent.

Then, though his ambition was in no way checked, Fryzler called a temporary halt and went bankrupt. Firms on which he imposed have been involved individually for some huge sums.

One, for example, has a bill against the enterprising Abraham for not less than £1,367; and there are scores of other formidable claims, including one of £850, another of £300, and a third of £261.

Then there are several in the region of £100 and innumerable others for lesser amounts.

In all, Abraham's latest venture has cost confiding creditors £5,500, while there seems little more than a meagre £100 to be divided between them.

This means that, even in the unlikely event of his bankruptcy costs being borne by the State, the duped traders can hope for little more than 5d. in the pound!

In the face of these quick-fire calamities, it is refreshing to look a little further into Fryzler's tangled affairs and to discover that some years ago, before he became so ambitious and reckless, he actually scored one or two small successes!

In one case, for example, he opened a costumier's shop in Walworth Road, which appeared to flourish fairly satisfactorily.

But we are afraid that Fryzler's creditors will not reap much benefit by this, for the shop in question no longer belongs to Fryzler and it is not therefore shown amongst his assets.

Magnificent gesture

From the creditors' point of view, this is disappointing, but the truth is that Fryzler was good enough to make a gift of this successful business to his niece as a wedding present.

As a matter of fact, weddings seem to have played more than a casual part in Fryzler's affairs, and to have inspired him with a magnified spirit of generosity.

On the occasion of his own daughter's wedding, he decided that the ceremonies should be enlivened by music.

Nero fiddled while Rome was burning; but Abraham Fryzler should go down to posterity as the



Sir William Haldane Porter, C.B., Chief Inspector, Aliens Branch, Home Office, whose department should be interested in the growing number of Russian bankruptcies

man who got others to fiddle for him without risking burning his own fingers.

Though his recklessness had by this time landed him in overwhelming difficulties, he magnificently arranged for first-class musicians to attend his daughter's wedding—and he ordered not one band, but three!

It was a magnificent gesture, but, sad to relate, those three bands have never been remunerated for their services, and they now figure amongst Abraham's present creditors!

Now, he who calls the tune must eventually pay the piper. Abraham Fryzler, as we have shown in the foregoing exposure, has called some merry tunes in his time, and it is up to the authorities to see that he does not avoid payment.

HOUNDED FROM HOME

A VICIOUS VICTIMISATION

A MAN who has served this country with honour and distinction is at present tramping the streets of London in a search for work which has so far proved vain.

He is James Browne, D.C.M., M.M., and he is a victim of cruel circumstance. His story is one that will arouse the sympathy of everybody.

Browne is an Irishman, who joined the British Army many years ago. He won his first decoration in April, 1908, while serving in the Connaught Rangers, rescuing a wounded officer of the Munster Fusiliers under very heavy fire in an action against the Zakha Khels on the Indian frontier.

Strenuous record

Without hesitation he rejoined the Army on August 4, 1914, and served in France, Mesopotamia and Palestine. It was in Mesopotamia that he earned his Military Medal by fearlessly undertaking a delicate scouting operation in the direction of the enemy lines near Telulja.

After this strenuous record of service, Browne very naturally looked

forward to settling down in comfort with his wife and child, and on being demobilised he returned to his native Ireland.

But the peace and comfort he so richly deserved were not to be his. Conditions in Ireland were bad, and Browne found himself looked upon with disfavour for having served Great Britain so faithfully.

Formidable obstacle

At last he rejoined a store section of the Royal Engineers, and served in France until 1920. When this service ended, he obtained work in France as a civilian and was employed upon the task of dismantling one of the large military dumps for five years.

He still remained in France and was fortunate enough to secure other work; but towards the end of last year his wife was taken suddenly ill and he was forced to abandon his position and to return to Ireland.

Browne is a finely built man, standing well over 6 ft. 6 in., and the life he has led has kept him in excellent condition. He therefore

thought that his physique, backed up by his splendid record and decorations, would win him a place in the ranks of the Docks Police at Dublin.

With this end in view, he left his wife and child in Kinsale and proceeded to Dublin; but there he was quickly disillusioned. All his efforts to obtain work were promptly frowned upon as soon as he informed prospective employers that he had soldiered in the British Army.

In the disturbances which broke out in Dublin on Armistice Day, Browne once again proved himself a hero, and risked his life in going to the aid of a fourteen-year-old girl who had been set upon by two roughs.

Gallant action

She was selling poppies, and her two assailants had scattered them in the gutter and were intimidating her by threats of violence.

Browne stepped in and quickly taught the two valiant bullies a lesson, making them pick up every

flower and restore them to the terrified child.

As a last resort, Browne applied for unemployment benefit, but even this was denied him. Realising that it was hopeless to continue his search for work in Ireland, he decided to come to London.

Crowning blow

He had saved a little money during his long employment in France, and he now set this aside for the maintenance of his wife and child in Ireland while he crossed to England alone to look for work.

In London he received some assistance from the British Legion, and obtained temporary shelter at the Gray's Yard Mission and Hostel.

But now a crowning blow fell. On Christmas Eve his clothes, medals and credentials were stolen, so that he is now more handicapped than ever.

We hope, therefore, that this article will win him the sympathy he merits. Browne does not want charity; as he himself puts it, "Surely I am entitled to a job?"

BOY HERO SCANDAL

A GUILTY INNOCENT
Whose Crime Is It?

BROKEN in health, mind and spirit—another legacy of the war! And when this leads to irresponsibility, prison is the only treatment available! Let the authorities hang their heads in shame!

IN 1911, Harold William Manning, a boy of fourteen, the son of a highly respected corn and seed merchant, enlisted in the West Kent Regiment, giving his age as seventeen. He was sent to the Western Front in 1914 with the first British Expeditionary Force and received severe shrapnel wounds in the head in November of that year. He was in hospital two months.

Afterwards Manning was sent to India and subsequently to Baghdad, where he contracted malaria and was again wounded, this time in the right arm. He fought in Palestine until 1918, when he suddenly wandered away from his regiment.

Erratic habits

Manning was court-martialled and sentenced to two years' imprisonment as a deserter. He was discharged from the Army with ignominy—in other words, in addition to suffering imprisonment, he was deprived of pay, gratuity and war medals.

Thus, at the age of twenty-one, when most young men stand on the threshold of life full of confidence and hope, the poor boy was broken in health, mind and spirit.

From prison Manning returned home to his parents. For a time he helped his father in his business, but on several occasions he wandered away from home.

He also stole bicycles and other things, apparently without reason, for which conduct he was sentenced to short terms of imprisonment.

Manning's father then started him in business with his brother as a market-gardener, and shortly afterwards he married.

The erratic habits and lack of moral sense which have marked this unfortunate young man from the day that he returned to civil life continued, however.

An ex-officer who has devoted himself to the cause of wounded ex-Service men brought Manning's case to the notice of the Ministry of Pensions, and, as a result, a pension of 12s. per week was granted to him.

Ministry criticised

Not satisfied with this, Manning's friend took him to his own medical man, an experienced ex-Army doctor, who expressed the opinion that the shrapnel wounds Manning sustained in 1914 had seriously injured his brain, and that he was not responsible for his strange conduct.

An eminent specialist was next consulted and the doctor's opinion was confirmed. Their findings were presented to the Ministry of Pensions and Manning's pension was increased to 24s. a week.

Manning then forged a cheque and was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. His state of mind ap-

peared worse after he was released, and his pension was again increased to 32s. a week, representing an 80 per cent. disability.

On December 20 last, Manning was sent to prison once more, being sentenced at the London Sessions to nine months' imprisonment for stealing two parcels of second-hand clothing.

Mr. St. John Hutchinson, who defended him, strongly criticised the Ministry of Pensions for its attitude in the case. He said he understood the Ministry had institutions where people who were not insane could be sent.

The Ministry's answer to this suggestion, made by its neurological inspector in court, was that there was no indication that Manning should be accepted for institutional treatment.

He further made the astounding statement that the Ministry did not accept this man's thieving propensities as a possible cause of disability, and even if it did, it could not accept him as a patient at one of its treatment institutions, because it must protect other patients.

State responsibility

The attitude of the Ministry of Pensions calls for explanation. It is absurd for it to take up the position that it is granting an 80 per cent. pension merely for a gunshot wound.

It was clearly because medical evidence showed the wound had injured the brain that the pension was twice increased.

The awarding of the pension also indicates that the savage sentence imposed by the military authorities in 1918 was a serious mistake. The Army Council, however, has refused to reopen the case.

It was pointed out by Manning's doctor that prison in his case might easily have tragic consequences, as it had in others; but the deputy-chairman, Mr. Wilberforce, very rightly observed that his duty was to send the man to prison and not to instruct the Ministry of Pensions what to do.

We feel compelled to point out that the responsibility for taking a boy of fourteen and sending him to face the horrors of the first year of the war—barely three years later—lies with the State.

It is not only the man himself who suffers and despairs. There is his friend who has spent some hundreds of pounds in trying to secure justice and humane treatment for him. There are also his parents, his wife and his two-year-old son.



Harold William Manning

QUEER MR. SPEAR

TIMBER AND TWADDLE
Logs for Mugs

THERE seems to be no end to investments offering "attractive profits." There are some offering even 180 per cent. interest! Once again we urge our readers not to be taken in by them

IF you have a thousand pounds to spare, a gentleman named S. Spear, of Westmoreland Road, Bayswater, will be pleased to furnish particulars of an investment that carries several attractive "side-lines" for lovers of adventure.

But it will save your time if we give you a few preliminary details here at once.

Mr. Spear has been advertising recently in the following strain:

"Partnership offered in timber exploitation in British Colony. £1,000 required. Ample Security. Attractive Profits."

One gentleman who answered this announcement, which appeared in a daily newspaper under a box number, ultimately received a communication from Mr. Spear, disclosing the fact that the colony referred to was British Honduras, in Central America.

Attractive proposal

In a pleasant conversational manner, Mr. Spear went on to explain that he had found the climate very healthy, "provided protection from mosquito bites" was obtained.

It was his intention to "exploit" mahogany, and he was apparently confident that a profit of 60 per cent. could be obtained on "each operation or sale of logs." As three operations or sales could be made in a year, the amount invested for "exploitation" should yield 180 per cent. per annum.

But Mr. Spear did not contemplate applying the investor's full £1,000 to this end.

£500 would be sunk in machinery, but with the remaining £500 utilised on the basis quoted, a profit of £900 would be reaped in a single year.

Most people will agree that such a rich return sounds very attractive, for it is not every investment that will bring in 180 per cent.

Yet Mr. Spear is even more ambitious, and confidently asserts that, by sawing some of the logs in the colony and shipping the sawn boards and planks to a London market, both larger profits and more frequent turn-overs can safely be assured.

"This will give you a rough idea of the business," he wrote, and brought his letter to a close with an exhortation to the applicant to advise him by telegraph or post "a sufficient length of time beforehand" if he contemplated calling, and to "please ring lower bell."

Lonely life

On the following day, Mr. Spear wrote to the would-be investor again, in which he said: "If he thought of becoming an active partner, he must bear in mind that it would be 'a life

in the forest, and therefore a somewhat lonely one."

He added that there were, of course, no theatres or moving pictures, and that the food would be principally tinned.

Against this he set the attractions of game-shooting and fishing, but struck another ominous note by remarking that the danger of snake-bites could be avoided by the use of proper leggings.

Strange persistency

As the applicant did not respond to this second epistle, Mr. Spear wrote a third time to say that he would be pleased to answer any questions, but he would probably be leaving England shortly, so would suggest settling the matter that week.

An interview was eventually arranged, and Mr. Spear confided that there were two areas in British Honduras he would like to be able to "exploit."

The first belonged to Southern Estates, Ltd., now in a Receiver's hands, while the second belonged to the British Honduras Syndicate, Ltd., also in a Receiver's hands.

Apparently, he had hopes that, once he had raised some capital, an arrangement of some sort could be come to with the Receiver who had been appointed in each case.

If, however, he were unable to secure any concessions on these two areas, he proposed to "try" Mexico. But he frankly admitted that he had had no experience of dealing in mahogany.

Our readers will, perhaps, experience no surprise on learning that the applicant did not consider this singular proposition further on hearing the latter admission, especially as he had no experience either.

As a matter of fact, his wisdom in letting this offer slide is more than endorsed by reference to the records at Somerset House.

Groundless hopes

The British Honduras Syndicate, Ltd., we find, appointed a Receiver in 1896, and the latest return, rendered about six months ago, shows that an amount of £7,697 is due to debenture-holders.

The Southern Estates, Ltd., was formed in 1894, and within three years was raising debentures. It appointed a Receiver in 1909.

Now, both these companies were formed with the express object of dealing in mahogany—the first with £60,000 nominal capital, and the second with £25,000.

How, therefore, can Mr. Spear hope to improve upon this record, with only a few thousand pounds by way of capital?

THE KING OF CAR SNATCHERS

A RUBBER-TYRED ROBBER

An Expert in Skedaddle

PEOPLE who own motor-cars or motor-cycles—and the proportion is stated to be one in sixteen!—had better be on their guard against an accomplished thief, who is operating throughout the country with remarkable impunity.

Mr. James Davenport—to give him one of his many names—might well vie for honours with that notorious and much-wanted car-thief, Arthur Graham, who specialises in robbing motor firms and garages; but, knowing that the latter's exploits have made traders more alert, he has chosen methods of his own.

And, in devising new methods, he has also decided to comb fresh fields for his plunder.

Tall and slim, and boasting a tooth-brush moustache, Mr. James Davenport dresses with great taste, and goes from town to town, making his residence at high-class hotels.

Watching for an opening

His initial step in each campaign is to purchase a copy of a local newspaper, and, although posing as a business man engaged in far higher spheres, he exhibits a remarkable interest in advertisements inserted by townspeople who have motor-cars or motor-cycles for sale.

Now, people who advertise privately in this way do so mainly for two reasons: either they are anxious to raise money quickly, or else wish to avoid paying commission to an agent for undertaking the transaction.

Mr. James Davenport is cute enough to realise the endless possibilities this opens up to him, and

he takes the fullest advantage of them. Having singled out an advertisement that commends itself to his professional taste, he assumes his most important air and favours the advertiser with a visit.

Usually he adopts a false name, and on many occasions a beautiful, fur-coated woman, who passes as "Mrs. Bradbury," his private secretary, accompanies him.

Cunning moves

At Southport recently, Davenport chose to pass by the name of Thomas Rudd, and in this character he called upon a gentleman who had advertised locally to the effect that he had a Morris-Cowley for disposal.

Mr. Rudd did not betray any enthusiasm at the interview. He thought the price asked far too high and seemed to register obvious disappointment throughout, cunningly suggesting by his manner that he was half inclined to leave without making an offer.

But, in spite of the caller's persistency, the owner would not agree to dispose of the car at less than the advertised price, but, by his very firmness, he was actually playing into Mr. Rudd's hands.

The latter still betrayed no trace of eagerness, however, and with seeming reluctance suggested that he would take the car only on the condition that his money would be refunded if he were dissatisfied after a trial run.

With a condescending air, Davenport, alias Rudd, sat down and wrote out his cheque, implying in departing

that it was more than probable that he would bring the car back again before very long.

The owner was almost inclined to breathe with relief when the day passed and the fastidious purchaser did not reappear with the car; but his peace of mind was subsequently rudely disturbed when he attempted to negotiate the cheque and found it to be quite worthless.

Without losing a moment, he went straight to the Southport police, only to receive the enlightening information that another complaint had been lodged there against Rudd that very day by a man who had been induced to part with a Triumph combination in the same manner!

A similar coup was brought off shortly afterwards at Widnes, where, in the name of J. Howard, the pleasant-mannered Davenport obtained a Royal Enfield motor-cycle from an advertiser who was in urgent need of the cash, which the bank refused to pay on "Howard's" dishonoured cheque.

Universal coups

So many cars, motor-cycles, etc., have been obtained by this many-named rogue that, had he retained them all, a garage of titanic dimensions would be required to house them.

But the last thing that this ingenious thief desires is to garage any of his trophies, and he loses no time in disposing of them for hard cash through the medium of a secret and exclusive market, controlled by receivers of stolen property, and with whom he is closely associated.



Arthur Graham, the notorious car thief, whose exploits have almost been surpassed by the rogue here exposed

His coups are practically universal, for complaints are now being received by the police all over the country.

At Bradford, in the name of "T. Jackson," he recently obtained an Alvis car with an R.D. cheque; at Bury, the result of a day's work in the alias of "F. Cooper" was an A.J.S. combination; at Heswell, where he operated in the name of Davenport, he netted a Triumph machine, while at Altrincham, as "John Wilkins," he succeeded in getting away with a Belsize saloon. He has also passed in the names of Butler and Masters.

That he is a dangerous rogue there is no doubt, and in warning all advertisers against him, we would also urge all motor protection associations and garage proprietors to bring his sinister operations to the notice of their clients.

Only the fullest publicity can check this prosperous rogue's progress.

CAGED AND KICKED OUT

THE CRIME OF BEING ILL

A BRITISH subject has just been deported from Canada in most shameful circumstances, and as his case throws a very unpleasant light upon the attitude of the Canadian authorities towards all emigrants from this country, it should be read with feeling by everyone.

He is Mr. Christopher Tunnah, of Ridley Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne, who first went to Canada in 1905. After residing there for some time, he came back to this country, and served during the war in an English regiment.

Trouble begins

In April, 1926, he decided to try his luck in Canada once more. He secured a post as carpenter's mate, working on the construction of a new store for the Hudson Bay Company, but towards the end of the first year he and most of his fellow-workers were paid off on account of the approach of winter.

He then obtained inside work for a time, and, having saved a little money, contrived to carry on until

February of last year. By this time he was troubled with a swelling that had appeared suddenly on his neck, and he visited the Winnipeg General Hospital and consulted a doctor.

Placed in confinement

The medical man's opinion was disquieting, for he advised the removal of certain glands and said that he suspected tuberculosis.

Tunnah was operated upon in hospital and remained there for about fifteen days.

The Red Cross Society had generously contributed to part of his expenses, but being unable to meet the balance, Tunnah was advised to take the bill to the City Hall.

He did so, and the authorities paid it, on the understanding that he would refund the money when he had secured employment.

A few months later his health became worse again, and he was sent to St. Barnabas Hospital for observation. He underwent a further operation, and was a patient for about six weeks, and was then sent to Winnipeg

Convalescent Hospital, where he remained until last December.

While there he was visited by an official from the Immigration Office, and on leaving he was conducted to immigration quarters, where he was placed in confinement with a motley throng of companions.

One was a Pole, who had been certified as an imbecile, and there were others of various nationalities.

Without any ceremony, he was sent under escort to Montreal.

There he found himself herded with other people for deportation. One of his companions, with whom he was placed under lock and key, was a Frenchman who had done three years in a penitentiary.

Harsh ruling

Finally, after a dismal voyage with his various fellow-deportees, Tunnah landed in England quite destitute—his one sin being that he has suddenly developed consumption.

This is a terrible story, yet it seems to be an indisputable fact that five years' residence in Canada is necessary

before a man can be domiciled there; and up to that period it is possible for anyone to be deported if he is liable to become a public charge.

Poor Tunnah! Although he passed both the Board of Trade doctor on leaving England and the Immigration doctor on arrival in Canada, his subsequent development of consumption has been held against him.

By becoming a charge upon public funds he has laid himself open to the foregoing ruling.

Shameful treatment

Apparently no differentiation is made between a British subject and a foreigner—all are classed as aliens.

Whatever points such a policy may have to commend it to the Canadian authorities, most people will feel that Tunnah has been shamefully treated, and that he is entitled to something in the way of redress.

In any case, the facts should all be thoroughly investigated by our home authorities so that representation can be made to the Dominion officials responsible for Tunnah's suffering.



CLEAN YOUR MOUTH

Says the DENTAL BOARD
of the United Kingdom

"Diseases of the gums and the tissues around the teeth due to septic infection are a most prolific source of ill-health, disease and the shortening of life... Now all mouths, even the healthiest and cleanest, contain these different types of Bacteria... Even if not seriously ill, a man or woman with a septic mouth suffers in health."

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MAKE YOUR MOUTH
CLEAN BUT
MILTON
DOES

THERE IS ONLY ONE QUALITY
AND STRENGTH OF
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OF ALL CHEMISTS



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WE have complete proof from a group of independent investigators of very high standing in the Medical and Dental professions — we will gladly show you their Reports—that the washing or rinsing of the Mouth for a few minutes once or twice daily with a half-teaspoonful of Milton in a tumbler of water, results as follows:

Every germ of disease or decay in the mouth is destroyed.

Sepsis of the month is prevented or removed.

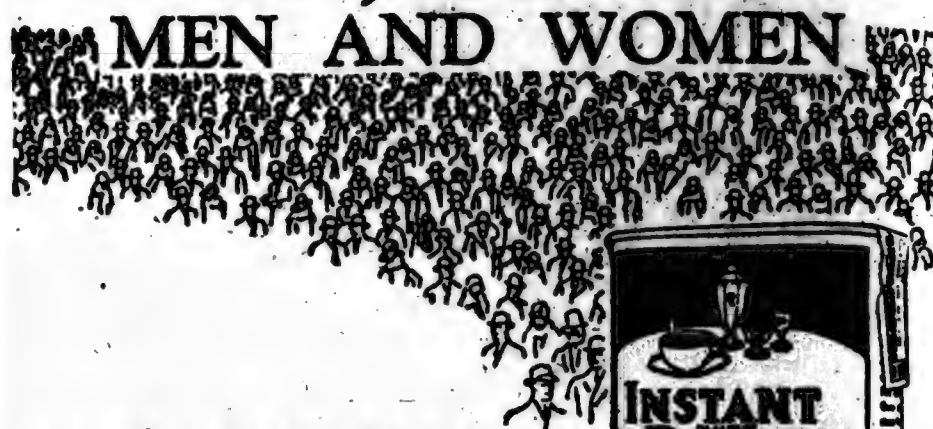
There is not the slightest harm from this treatment to any part of the mouth, throat or teeth.

Pyorrhoea (with all its resulting evils) is prevented or arrested.

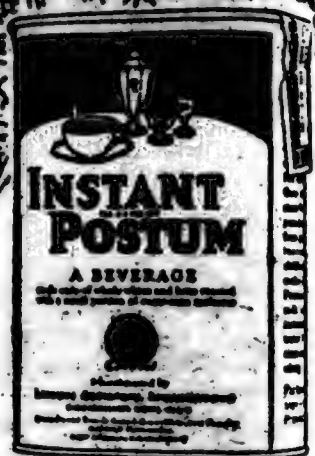
False teeth, as well as natural teeth, are thoroughly cleaned, —aseptically and visibly.

OVER 40,000

MEN AND WOMEN



took this step
towards HEALTH
in 1927



We are more or less conscious that "stimulant" drinks tend to produce nerves and sleeplessness — affect the heart — borrow from the body's reserve of energy. Being human, however, we are inclined to think them bad for others—not for us. But you never know. Until you have made a definite personal experiment you can't be sure that you are one of the lucky ones. That is why the thirty-day test of Postum was originated—which over 40,000 men and women made last year. They made Postum their drink at mealtimes for thirty

days. They discovered what a jolly good drink it is. How fully it satisfies the natural desire for a hot drink. At the end of the test period they could see results. How much better they felt. How much better they looked. Most of them decided to stick to Postum. It is worth your while to make this test. To start you on it we will send you one week's supply of Postum free. Then you can prove for yourself that Postum—which is just wheat as a drink—is the one good drink which is good for you.



Most grocers sell Postum in two sizes—1/7 lb. sufficient for 48 cups, 2/8 lb. sufficient for 96 cups. Postum is one of the Post Health Products which include Grape Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes.

Postum

FREE—Post this coupon for copy it out on a postcard to-day!

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When food enters your stomach, large quantities of acid-bearing gastric juice are at once secreted. If, as often happens, too much is secreted, the food soon becomes a sour, fermenting mass, which remains in the stomach a long time, causing all kinds of pain and trouble, and frequently endangering life. In such cases, instant relief can be obtained by taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia immediately after eating or whenever pain is felt. This instantly neutralises the acid, stops the fermentation, heals and soothes the inflamed stomach lining, and restores normal, painless digestion. Get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from your chemist to-day. Use as directed, and your digestive troubles will be a thing of the past.

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Follow the advice Doctors and Dentists have been giving for over 35 years—Take Antikamnia. A-K Tablets soothe and comfort the nerves, banishing almost immediately such pains as Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Rheumatism and other aches, from which men and especially women suffer. A-K Tablets also arrest fevers—stop Influenza, Colds and Chills, and promote refreshing sleep in cases of wakefulness and restlessness. All Chemists 1/3, 3/- and 7/6. Millions sold annually. Write for Free Sample.

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PEPS

Breathe-able Remedy For
Winter Coughs & Colds



MR. BEN TURNER is Chairman of the Trade Union Council. Although this article expresses his own opinions and not necessarily the official views of that body, no one has more right to be listened to than he has.

A Great Big Secret

by BEN TURNER, O.B.E.

THE new spirit in industry as exemplified in the proposed joint meeting of the Trades Union Congress General Council and twenty-four leading men in business, banking and industry, is all to the good, if it is not allowed to evaporate or be frittered away.

It is well to have no illusions, for the task of putting industry on a better level is a formidable one, and it might mean the shedding of old-time theories and fancies and disturbing old-fashioned prejudices and notions. Still, if we are intent upon doing what is best for the people and the nation, we must be adventurous to face new issues.

Several proposals have been outlined in speeches and in the Press, but the joint body above referred to is the body that can decide the subjects for discussion and consideration. I do not know what it will discuss.

The schemes adopted at Sir Alfred Mond's gigantic concern are before the public in concrete form, and Sir Alfred has explained them at public gatherings on several occasions.

I am not enamoured of his investment scheme, with its alluring chance of buying shares at 2s. 6d. less than the market price. The position of Messrs. Vickers and of Messrs. Armstrong is in my mind, and workpeople who put their savings there are sufferers to-day. This example makes it delicate to suggest acceptance of such a proposal.

Germ of brotherhood

The big idea of works councils and superworks councils for firms with concerns in various parts of the country are subjects of deep concern, for they can be made good or otherwise by the way they are started and managed.

I believe in works councils. They make for the real team spirit. They establish or have within them the germs of brotherhood inside a mill factory or works. They do not cut across trade unionism either, but are rather an adjunct or connecting-link with the labour side of industry.

Works councils can be very useful in creating a public-school spirit inside a works, and would be of immense help in safety work, domestic amenities, sport, health, sanitation, and general inside welfare work.

Despite all sanitary laws and improved sanitary administration, there are in far too many places little decency, little privacy, and not enough cleanliness in these matters.

Works councils can help to deal with the uncleanness and can create the spirit whereby man or woman can wash and change and leave the industrial dirt where it is made, and not take it home to disturb the comfort of home.

Scope for work

Something has been done here and there, but at most places nothing at all is done, and works councils have a mission here that would be useful. The works councils could also help in running the canteens and dining-rooms, especially in substantial concerns.

I know the workpeople are not all angels or decent, but the bulk are, and they grow better as their chances of being better are increased.

Works councils could help very much in safety work. They could suggest the schemes for safety and engender the discipline needful to get the workpeople to use the guards and methods that were for their protection.

They could report upon steps that were worn and dangerous to limb and body, things that bring on rupture and bodily disturbance, and a hundred-and-one things that if used make for

the health and comfort and therefore the better productive power of the workers.

They would also help good time-keeping. I never did like, or do I to-day, the "penny hole" system in a mill. These clocking-in and other mechanical devices I hate. It may pay. I don't think it does. I have seen a "penny hole" man turn lasses back who had walked two miles in snow and slush because they were not inside the mill-gates exactly at the time the whistle went.

Finding the panacea

I have known colliers be refused their lamps because they were half a minute too late by the pit-top lamp-room side, after having walked three miles to their work.

There is reason in all things and it strikes me that a works council would be able by its co-operation to beat all the mechanical inventions that disfigure a works entrance.

A works council can do good work in securing protection for young girls from rude lads or unseemly men, and also in securing cleaner and more decent language. There is too much improper or bad language used in mills and work-shops, and it is as much at the top as at the bottom.

A works council could also be the agency for benevolent work. Sometimes collections are held for one case of hardship and missed in others. It makes for much heart-burning and a systematised policy would be to the good. It could also fix up to help the trade unions to do their shop-collection work outside working hours and work towards economy and efficiency.

This I know only touches the fringe of things. Small investments, works councils, welfare work do not overcome the present financial, commercial and industrial troubles from which we are all suffering. Some say Labour Co-partnership is the panacea. Others that profit-sharing will do it. I am less certain of the latter this century than I was last.

The big problem

Some profit-sharing schemes are lamentably poor in spirit. Others make for better partnership in industry. A number are anti-trade union in their actions; some are short of the virtue of forgiveness.

Most of the profit-sharing schemes do not allow the rank-and-file worker to be a voter, a balance-sheet holder, a director or a full shareholder with equal personal rights. They fail at the partnership of Labour with Capital. This, however, should not prevent me or anyone exploring to the full this side of the subject.

Is there any scheme going that meets the hardship of the unemployed? I don't know of one, yet this is a problem that must be tackled.

What the joint meeting will do on this subject I can't foreshadow. Emigration schemes will ease a little bit, but I am old-fashioned enough to love Old England, and I don't want to drive anybody away.

Shorter working days might ease a little, so that more could have a share of work, but I guess I shall be told that this cannot be unless we get our Continental competitors to do the same. (They use their land better than we do.)

More strenuous production is the song sung by company chairmen at their annual meetings, but we have intensified production to-day far more than could have been dreamed of fifty years ago.

The better relationship may come by trying to face and understand these things; and by having always in our mind that the nation's well-being



Mr. Ben Turner, O.B.E.

is not based upon its bank returns, but upon its cottage homes and the condition of the people as a whole.

Basis of success

As to lock-outs, etc., may I remind you that we have a Conciliation Act upon the Statute-book. It is used at times too late, and sometimes not at all. I have often said that in big industrial troubles it ought to be used before hostilities commence, and if it were some of them would be settled by mutuality.

The Act needs strengthening so that it shall be used more fully and the public given a chance to know what all the trouble is about.

There has been some talk about arbitration in trade disputes. Arbitration has often been offered by the unions and turned down by the employers, as witness the present woollen trade wages trouble.

Given a decent panel of arbitrators, with power to call for books, documents, etc., there is much to be said for it, but neither employers nor unions have yet come to that point of view.

Perhaps the joint committee may explore that position and get views from responsible federations of employers and from trade unions in given industries.

I have often advocated that where there are joint bodies like industrial councils in existence, there should be periodical meetings, not to only discuss wages affairs, but to examine trade figures, trade progress, trade management, trade development and all things that affect, "bless" or "afflict" an industry.

More trade unionism, more federation of employers in their associations in their own industry, and more willingness to consider these things free from passion, strife and prejudice are bound to be helpful to us all.

The only royal way

Trade unionism is now educated. It can meet the employers with knowledge and with reason. The employers have now in their organised way knowledge and statistics that will always be useful. Let us get more together on the level line as partners, and not as continuous antagonists.

I think I am right. I don't object to being shown if I am not. The other fellow may know a lot better than me, and lead me to a better way. I might help him; we might help each other, and that is the only royal way to a social civilisation, such as poets sing about and philosophers have written about before we were born.



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LIKE
SUNS!**

**Fresh Fruit
for Winter Days**

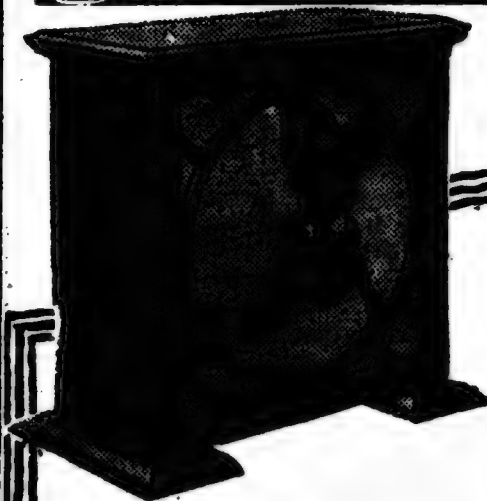
Life-giving sunshine is stored in ripe, juicy apples and oranges—the health fruit for sunless days. Nature has enriched their juices with vitamins and health elements which purify the blood and tone up the whole system.

Take home *your* store of health to-day.

Get a copy of the new Recipe Book "Ye Book of Sun," by Vitamins, price 3d. If unable to obtain a copy, send us your fruiterer's name and address, with 2d. in stamps, and a copy will be sent post free.

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The sound of drums and base notes comes through as clearly, fully and distinctly as it does when one listens to them direct. The same truth of reproduction is found right up the scale to the very highest notes. The Langham is unquestionably the finest Radio Speaker now on the market.

ONLY **£1** DOWN

Solid Oak — or 5 Gns. cash.

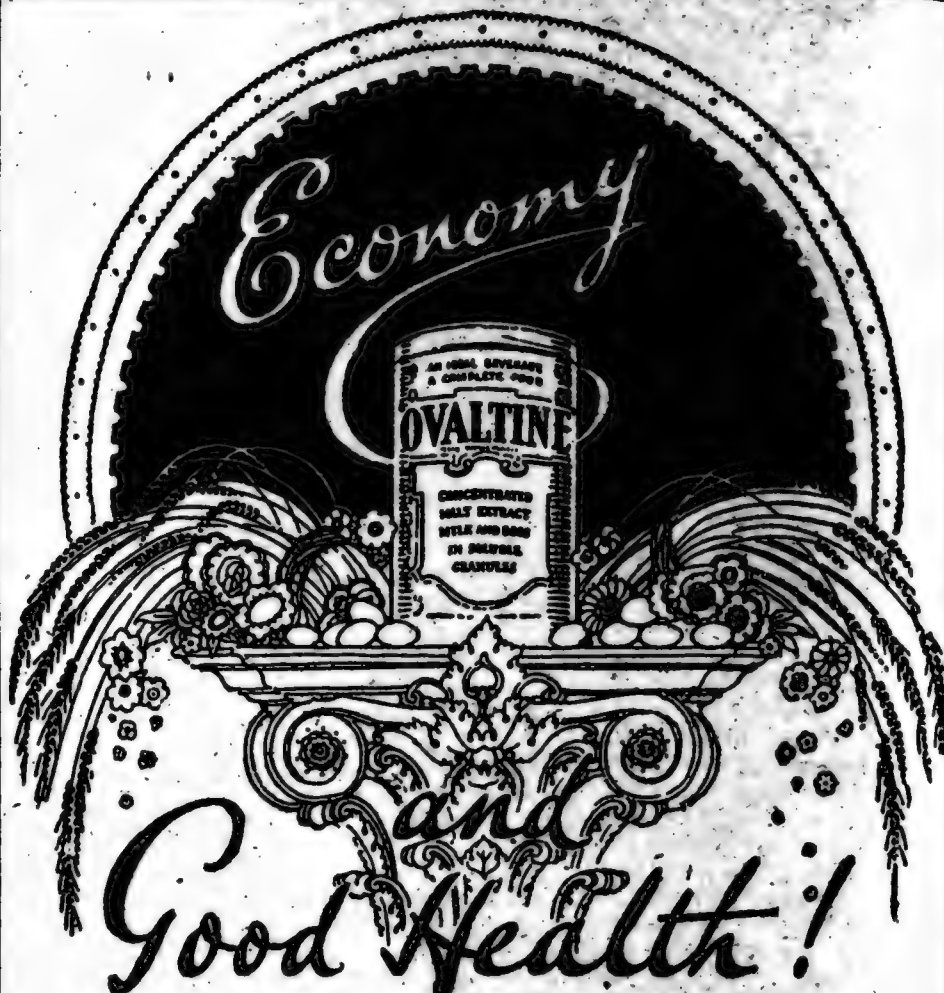
Walnut and Mahogany Finish. Deposit £1-1-0 or £5-10-0 cash

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The recently reduced prices make "Ovaltine" more economical than ever—bringing glorious health within the reach of everyone.

"Ovaltine" is concentrated and easily digested nourishment prepared from Nature's richest tonic foods—malt, milk and eggs. It presents in correct proportions all the vitamins and food elements essential to health, and makes every meal complete in nutritive value. It is the ideal food for people of all ages.

The health-giving qualities of "Ovaltine" are particularly necessary during the winter months. To ensure glorious good health and to protect the system against influenza, coughs and colds make "Ovaltine" your daily beverage. It is the cheapest and most perfect form of nourishment in the world.

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TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain. Nerve and Body

Reduced prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, 1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.



P. 456

**WE ASK
YOU TO COMPARE THEM!**

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10 inch
2/6

A Persian Rosebud
Tired Hands
(Maurice Elwin
(Baritone) with
Harmonized Chorus
and Dance Band
Accompaniment)

RECORDS

12 inch
4/-

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—I do not deny that, during the past year, some efforts have been made to restore industrial prosperity, but I do dispute that the powerful Government over which you preside has pulled its weight to this end. The coal industry is still in a highly unsatisfactory state, and the silly boycott of Russia weighs heavily upon our own people. Get a move on, do! JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. WILFRID ASHLEY, M.P.,
Minister of Transport.

DEAR SIR,—I welcome the enquiry into circumstances surrounding the death of Albert John Champion, killed by an express train while in the execution of his duty. Evidence has been given that had the latest type of bell-box signalling been installed, Champion need not have dismounted to wave a lantern, and the tragedy would not have occurred. Far too many railwaymen are killed while doing their duty, and every device possible should be used to spare them. JOHN BULL.

To the LORD ARCHBISHOP OF YORK,
Bishophorpe Palace, York.

YOUR GRACE,—Your reminder on New Year's night of the duty of peace within the Church was a welcome "come-back" to Christianity. Self-restraint is a duty no less glorious than self-sacrifice. If there is not room in the Church for all movements and schools of thought, then the Church has outlived her usefulness. In pleading for peace, within and without, you at least have grasped the meaning of the Gospel. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. THOMAS HARDY, O.M.,
Max Gate, Dorchester.

DEAR SIR,—In common with every lover of literature at its highest, I was profoundly grieved to read of your illness, and trust by the time these lines are in print you will be well on the way to recovery. No writer of our time has more worthily upheld the country's high reputation in the field of letters, and I, a humble wielder of the pen, am proud to salute a master. JOHN BULL.

To Lt.-General Sir R. BADEN-POWELL, G.C.M.G.,
Paxhill, Bentley, Hants.

GALLANT SIR,—You have indeed solved the secret of real happiness, since your life is dedicated to others, and these the young. Whilst preparing the youth of to-day to become the citizens of to-morrow, you recapture the rapture of your own early days, and at the same time perform a duty of inestimable service to the nation. The measure of your own felicity is the measure of the nation's good. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. HERBERT DUNNICO, M.P.,
King's Buildings, Dean Stanley Street, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—You tell us that the opponents of the Prayer Book Measure spent £100,000 in order to defeat it, and you believe that the money could have been used to better purpose in the case of the million miners and their dependents who are on the verge of starvation. I, like you, believe in a religion which ministers unto the needy, even as the Great Founder of Christianity taught us to do. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. HILTON PHILIPSON, M.P.,
Claremont Farm, Esher.

DEAR MADAM,—I share your opinion that the findings of the committee which enquired into the restrictions imposed by "D.O.R.A." are likely to make confusion worse confounded, and that the evidence upon which its conclusions were based was representative neither of shopkeepers nor the public. It should not be difficult to evolve a scheme satisfactory to tradesmen great and small, their assistants, and to the people. Can it be that the will is wanting? JOHN BULL.

To Mr. BINGLEY,
Marylebone Police Court.

DEAR SIR,—Your expression of thanks to the many kindly people who assisted deserving cases which came before you during the year does honour to yourself as well as to them. There is more true charity in the world than we dream of, and it needs but the assurance of one in your position that the cause is worthy to set it flowing. Long may you sit to guide the stream. JOHN BULL.

To the CHIEF CONSTABLE,
Blackpool.

DEAR SIR,—While distributing grocery tickets and goods to families in distress, you say you were appalled by the contrast between poverty and wealth. Here was a luxurious hotel, with soft lights, music and dainty food to wasteful excess; there you found a family of eight with half a stale loaf between them. Are you not astounded at the moderation of the miserable, the patience of the poor? I am. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. MORGAN MORGAN,
Pump Court, Temple, E.C.

DEAR SIR,—A barrister of eminence, you have recently been adopted as Conservative candidate for the Upton division of West Ham. There are many—some claim too many—lawyers in Parliament, but you are a self-made man in the best sense of the term. Before you were twelve you were working in a coal-mine. An example to youth well worth quoting. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Canon C. S. WOODWARD,
St. James', Garlick Hill, E.C.

REV. SIR,—If indeed, as you say, there existed any considerable number of people who think that happiness consists only in driving a little ball into a hole, or kicking a bigger one into a net, it would be degrading to the community; but I flatly deny that this is so. To far the greater majority games are but a healthy recreation. There are too many real evils to fight to warrant a waste of time over imaginary ones. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. H. COSTLEY-WHITE, D.D.,
Headmaster, Westminster School.

DEAR SIR,—Is your remark "in order to live life well, play in the country, but work in the town," intended as satire or to be taken seriously? If the latter, then indeed have the British Isles fallen from grace. A country with its people driven off the land and herded up in cities is in a parlous state. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. BEATRICE EUSTACE,
Canonbernes, Crossbush, Arundel.

DEAR MADAM,—You would have kitchen fireplaces made with an iron door in the wall outside, so that chimneys could be swept without dirt in the house. That you have had this improvement added to your own house speaks well for your inventiveness. Those who wear the shoes know where they pinch. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

EARL JELICO:—"I would rather have another war than a sign of slackness."

The men who came out of the last minus limbs, health and strength feel otherwise.

MR. W. R. MORRIS:—"It is a curse and a disgrace that this country has so many unemployed."

It's a bigger curse and disgrace that those who could end it do nothing even to mend it.

BISHOP OF EXETER:—"Let us not speak of a conflict between Church and State."

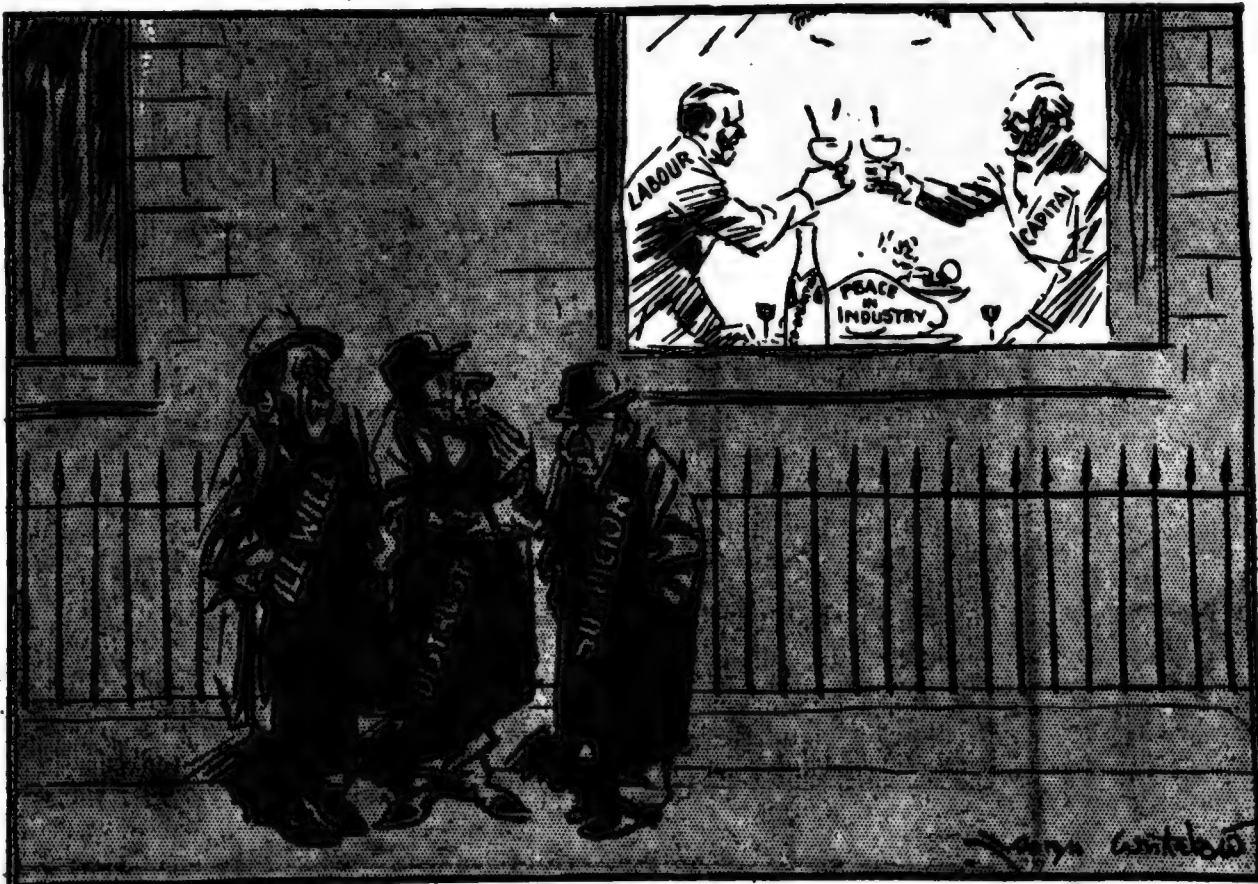
We don't. We leave it to those who prefer controversy to gospel truth.

MR. JAMES LIVINGSTONE:—"I bought a pair of gloves in Leipzig with buttons marked 'English make.'"

Those clamouring for button "safeguarding" evidently don't wish to sell them in Leipzig.

MR. B. BAILEY:—"There is a general tendency to sobriety."

Which confirmed into practice will make a nation profoundly dissatisfied with things as they are.



LEFT OUTSIDE

(The conference to promote good will between employers and employees opens on January 12.)



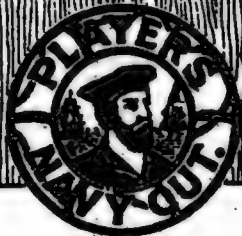
*The joy of
the game
depends upon
the Players*



PLAYER'S

NAVY CUT

TOBACCO & CIGARETTES



NCC 221



Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

PITCH - AND - TOSS VILLAINS BUNGLERS ON THE BENCH

"Jix" Jogs the J.P.s

IMPROVEMENT in the method of dealing with juvenile offenders is making very slow headway. During the last few months we have been hammering away and exposing the evil, and we are determined not to let the matter drop until something is done.

Those whose business takes them into our criminal courts are only too familiar with the despairing cry, "I never had a chance." Given a stiff sentence for a first offence, not infrequently trivial, when a period of probation would have been amply sufficient, these men and women have been bundled into prison willy-nilly. Statistics of such cases tell a sad story.

Many of the unpaid magistrates in this country literally do not know the first thing about their jobs. The Home Secretary as good as told them so the other day.

He pointed out the astounding fact that 2,000 lads under twenty-one were sent to prison every year for comparatively trivial offences, and that there were lads in prison who have been convicted over and over again before the age of twenty-one.

He stated that not sufficient use was made by justices of the provisions in the Criminal Justice Act of 1914, which empowers them to put a young offender between the age of sixteen and twenty-one under supervision.

THAT this statutory provision for the adequate and humane treatment of such lads should be "overlooked," even in isolated instances, is appalling, but when it is systematically ignored, as the figures quoted clearly prove that it is, the time has come for very drastic steps indeed to be taken.

JOHN BULL is determined that they shall be. It is satisfactory to note that our campaign is at any rate bearing a little fruit, for a committee of the Magistrates Association has recently been paying attention to the case of offenders under twenty-one years of age who

have been allowed time in which to pay their fines but who, at the end of the period, fail to pay.

In scores of these cases their only "crime" has been rowdiness, pitch-and-toss, playing football in prohibited places, jostling and such-like boyish escapades.

IT appears that once a magistrate has disposed of a case of this sort, he does not know whether the delinquent pays the fine or goes to prison in default! This point has just been dealt with by the magistrates themselves, and we have no hesitation in taking the credit for their action. They have made a recommendation to the Home Secretary in the following terms:—

"That no young offender should be committed to prison in default of paying a fine before he had again appeared before the court, and the court had had an opportunity of reviewing the circumstances and had confirmed its original decision; that it should be made obligatory that probation officers should supervise young offenders who are fined and allowed time in which to pay, the supervision to continue until the fine is paid; and that a copy of this recommendation be sent to the Secretary of State."

This is all right as far as it goes and the rule must immediately be put into operation; but it must not be the last word on the matter. There is the class of juvenile offenders who are sent to prison by ignorant justices without even the option of a fine.

It is not sufficient for the Home Secretary merely to point out to those justices the powers given them under the Criminal Justice Act. He must see that his instructions are carried out.

Experience has shown that the treatment of juvenile offenders is not safe in the hands of many of these amateur magistrates. *British boys and girls must not be sent to prison, and steps must be immediately taken for the review by competent authority of every case where juveniles are committed to terms of imprisonment by justices.*

This, at least, in the absence of the total abolition of the amateur magistrate, is imperative.

SWINDLING THE DISABLED

The Great Pensions Scandal

MEANNESS is a petty vice all decent men should hold in abhorrence. But when meanness is practised by a great country at the expense of weak and helpless individuals, it is something worse than a petty vice. It rises to the proportions of a crime calculated to smirch for ever the fair fame of a people.

These are strong words, but they are not strong enough to express the indignation we feel at the treatment still being meted out to thousands of our disabled ex-soldiers. We have earned the right to express our disgust in plain terms by the simple fact of our continual and ever-increasing efforts on behalf of these men, exertions extending over the last nine years.

We remembered, if the Ministry of Pensions did not, the enthusiasm with which most of them, for the sake of "King and Country," enlisted without waiting to be conscripted.

We remembered what they were promised. Now they are back, crippled, wasted, with fortunes shattered, and for nine years we have been hoping against hope for indications that at least efforts were being made to treat them with some show of justice.

We have been disappointed. The Ministry continues to practise every sort of paltry economy at their expense, and uses endless miles of red tape to explain away its meanness and "show cause" why it should evade its legitimate responsibilities.

One favourite excuse is that after the war handbooks and leaflets were issued broadcast, explaining to all and sundry what benefits were obtainable, and how they were obtainable, under the Royal Warrants. Thus, if a disabled ex-soldier is not enjoying all possible benefits, it is merely his own fault for not fully acquainting himself with his rights.

We have proved the worthlessness of this suggestion. In certain cases recently investigated by us, officials of the British Ministry of Pensions Office at Dublin themselves had no knowledge whatever of these splendidly explanatory handbooks and leaflets. If the Ministry's own officials disclaim knowledge, how can it be easily accessible to the broken and disabled ex-soldier who is down and out?

In the face of this continued discouragement it is all the more remarkable that JOHN BULL has been successful in compelling the Ministry to disgorge large sums of money during the past year.

We do not grudge the colossal labour, but private effort cannot do all. The power of interpretation of the Royal Warrants must not rest in the hands of one man, the Minister of Pensions. Parents of men killed in their country's service, and disabled ex-soldiers, are being deliberately swindled of money to which they are legally entitled. The matter is one for the Cabinet itself to take up, and we invite it to do so without delay.



The Rt. Hon. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, M.P., Home Secretary

STOP THEM! Finicking Fines

SOME severe comments were passed the other day in Marylebone Police Court on the methods of food inspection.

Mr. Bingley had before him the case of Eastmans Ltd., multiple butchers, on whose premises in Harrow Road, London, a shoulder of mutton in a state of rotteness was exposed for sale.

Mr. Bingley's criticisms were, very rightly, directed against the "extreme reticence" with which the evidence for the prosecution was given. Why there should be reticence in such cases, whether the offenders are private individuals or wealthy firms, baffles decent understanding.

Mr. Bingley was unable to get at the truth as to what had been done with the rest of this rotten carcass. He could only assume that it had been sold to "some wretched people."

This sort of thing is not good enough. It is intolerable that people who spread tuberculosis and other disease germs among their fellow-creatures in this way should get away by payment of a paltry fine.

They merely escape to repeat the offence.

On December 8, four years ago, we expressed regret that Edward Herring, a farmer of Woodford Bridge, Essex, had not been sent to prison for sending to Smithfield the carcass of a cow "in a disgusting state" from disease. True, he was fined £23, but that has not stopped him.

At Stratford, the other day, he was fined, this time £75, with £5 5s. costs, for another and worse offence of the same nature and informed that "a repetition will lead to his slaughter-house being closed."

Tantamount to telling the public they must wait for future poisonings before action can be taken! Prison is the only treatment for such offenders.

And, since magistrates have power to close such slaughter-houses, why wait?

A Dead Man's Ghost

by A. G. GARDINER

BRITAIN and America hold the destinies of the world in their hands. If they could march together in a friendly spirit, the future of this planet, humanly speaking, would be secure



Mr. Kellogg, the U.S. Secretary of State, who initiated negotiations for a "no war" pact between France and America

MR. KELLOGG'S summons to Europe to join the United States in "outlawing war" leaves us all wondering what Uncle Sam really means. Of course, if by a wave of a wand we could banish war from the world for ever we should all throw up our hats delightedly and sing the "Te Deum" at the top of our voices.

And I am far from suggesting that it is a hopeless dream. On the contrary, I believe that we both can and must make the dream come true, for the lesson of the last war was that in modern conditions war and civilisation cannot co-exist.

That is why all that is best in the statesmanship of Europe is engaged in trying to make the League of Nations an efficient instrument for putting the world on a peace footing instead of a war footing.

Mutual distrust

The League's methods are slow, not because the course is not clear, but because we have not yet learned to trust each other. But we must not be discouraged at the pace. This is the biggest job to which the world has ever set its hand, and it will take time and patience.

But if there is a quicker way of reaching the goal, by all means let us adopt it. And if Mr. Kellogg can show us that way, let us rally to his standard. But before we throw up our hats, we must know what he means.

I shall not be accused of the folly of preaching hostility towards America. There is plenty of latent ill-feeling towards America in this country, and there is much more ill-feeling towards this country in America. But the best elements in both countries are friendly, not only to each other, but to the world at large, and any influence I have had has always been directed to promoting Anglo-American friendship rather than Anglo-American hostility.

Not words, but deeds

But Mr. Kellogg must not be surprised if we ask for details before we get enthusiastic over his proposals. He invites France, ourselves and the other great Powers to join the United States in a declaration "outlawing war."

Now, the "outlawry of war" is a fine mouthful of a phrase, but until the phrase is implemented in a policy it has little value. We may all declare war an outlaw till we are black in the face, but until we act all our declarations will be vain.

And, unfortunately, the "outlawry of war" has not a good history. When America threw over the League of Nations, of which its own President was the author, it knew it had done a wrong thing. It had done it, not because it hated

the League, but because it hated President Wilson and meant to destroy him, even though it destroyed the League in doing so.

But the Republicans, having killed Wilson, began to feel uncomfortable at appearing in history as having deserted the cause of world peace. They could not recant on their opposition to the League, for that would have condemned them for defeating Wilson. But Senator Borah provided them with an alternative cry.

"We will have nothing to do with the League of Nations," was his position, "and we will not recognise the International Court. But we will have a peace policy of our own. We will outlaw war."

In pursuit of that "policy," Mr. Kellogg now calls on all the great Powers together to say, "We outlaw war." I hope that we and all the Powers will agree to shout, "We outlaw war" together.

Left in the lurch

But a declaration is not a "policy," and what both we and the French require from Mr. Kellogg are details of the means by which the world can give effect to its declaration. War will not be abolished by word of mouth. It will only be abolished by deliberate action. Through the League of Nations, Europe is laboriously and patiently working out a scheme of action.

If America had not left us in the lurch, we should have travelled much farther in perfecting that scheme than has been the case, and the practical outlawry of war would have been within sight. The natural thing that Mr. Kellogg would do if he wants to "outlaw war" would be to say that America had changed its mind, and would throw in its lot with the League. But he will not say that because America is too proud and too great to admit that it has been wrong.

It is not a very enlightened attitude for a great nation; but that is America's affair, and if Mr. Kellogg can propose a scheme which is consistent with the League we shall rejoice. But if, to give

effect to his declaration, he proposes something which means that the League must be sacrificed, we shall have to say that there is "nothing doing."

We started the League under the auspices of America. America deserted it at its birth. That it survived that desertion is little short of a miracle.

Example to follow

But it has survived. It will continue to survive. It has begun to create a European conscience, a European policy, a European system, which, in time, will abolish war in this hemisphere. We should be fools to sacrifice the bird we have in the hand for any bird in the American bush.

But whatever Mr. Kellogg's gesture means, it ought to give us as well as France and the other European Powers an opportunity of coming to terms with America within the sanctions of the League of Nations. If America will not enter our system, she can make covenants with us independently to abjure war for ever.

Mr. Kellogg talks of a treaty "outlawing war" which all can sign. If that means an "all-in" treaty, let us close with him at once. Let us do with America what Germany and France have done under the Locarno treaty. They have, with our guarantee, undertaken "in no case to resort to war against each other," and an elaborate "all-in" arbitration machinery is created for the settlement of their differences.

If Mr. Kellogg means business and if we mean business, let us follow this example. The Root treaty with America is coming to an end this summer. It was a poor thing, for it left every kind of loophole for war.

Let us agree to replace it with a water-tight "all-in" agreement binding us, as France and Germany are bound, never to go to war again, but to submit all our differences to arbitration. If England and America do that all the world will follow, and the devil of war will be chained up at last.

Over half-a-million people are killed or injured in industry every year! This is a terrible blot on the nation's record

THE Safety First Association is, I understand, considering plans by which children in their last year at school may be taken to factories and shown the conditions under which, later, they may have to work.



Mr. A. F. Holt

Of the people who were injured while at work during 1926, 17 per cent. were under eighteen years of age; fifty children were killed; twenty-three thousands of young people were maimed; hence the proposed visits. The dangers the children may expect to meet when they begin work will be pointed out to them in order that they may look out for them and avoid them.

But surely this is beginning at the wrong end of the stick? Would not the Safety First Association deserve its title even more than it does to-day if it directed its energies to so educating the public

that its members will demand adequate safeguards for the workers and insist that children shall not be exposed to the industrial hazards revealed by the appalling figures quoted above?

Is it necessary for our continued existence as an industrial nation that well over half-a-million people of all ages and both sexes shall be killed or injured every year?

Is it not a blot on the national record that these accidents continue to happen when many of them could be avoided at the cost of a little money?

THAT may seem rather a hard saying. It implies that some employers scrutinise their cost-sheets more closely than they do the risks to life and limb their employees run; that some put money before flesh and blood.

Some do. I remember once seeing a flying shuttle knock out the eye of a young girl. I remember the explanation of the mill-owner afterwards, that he could not afford to fix shuttleguards to his looms. With the picture of that maimed girl—spoiled for life—etched on my imagination, that excuse seemed to me a heartless one.

Whatever can be done to eliminate accidents ought to be done, and while I admit that much

The Divided

Let's All Be Rich!

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

WE proved at Christmas what we can do when we try in the way of making and selling goods. Why on earth don't we do this all the year round?

DURING the recent orgy of Christmas shopping enough money changed hands to make the mouth of the most avaricious man in the world water profusely. In London alone there must have been £20,000,000 passed over shop counters in exchange for goods. At the present time a similar, if smaller, phenomenon is to be observed in London, because what shopkeepers call their "January Sales" are now in full swing.

In a week or two's time I have no doubt we shall again be hearing tales of slack trade, of money being tight and of the usual doleful rigmarole that is poured forth by people who wish to find an alibi for their own inefficiency and lack of imagination.

I have never really been able to understand why the colossal prosperity that assails our shops and our manufacturers at stated seasons of the year, such as Christmas, should not be attained in some considerable measure all the year round.

Dearth of ideas

If the orgy of Christmas shopping has any meaning at all it is that people who go out after business get it at Christmas and at one or two other times.

Manufacturers and shopkeepers tell everybody at the tops of their voices that they have certain goods to sell and everybody with money to spend rushes to buy those goods.

The fact that at Christmas everybody gives presents to everybody else has, of course, a lot to do with it. I know that.

But it does not affect the broad issue, which is that Christmas selling is made a serious national business—full steam ahead and the throttle on to the last notch.

Once a year at least our manufacturers and shopkeepers wake up to the fact that sitting on their doorsteps are something like 50,000,000 consumers, and they go all out to attract their business.

Once a year at least we make a serious

attempt to sell goods to our own people—and we succeed.

Why do we not make the same attempt in every one of the other fifty-one weeks of the year? I think it is largely because we lack imagination, because we suffer from a positive dearth of ideas.

That, at any rate, is one reason. The other reason is possibly to be found in the fact that we are still wallowing in the ancient and exploded idea that the way to induce prosperity is to reduce people's wages.

Economic bogey

People who suggest reduction of wages do not, I think, realize all that is implied in their suggestion.

To start with, if a man to-day is in receipt of £1 a week, that £1 will only buy him food that he could previously buy for 12s. 4d.

If he wishes to buy the same amount of food to-day that he could buy in 1904 for 22s. 6d., he would have to spend 40s. 6d. It does not need much imagination to see what you are going to do to that man if you take even one shilling from his pound per week.

If our industries are to-day staggering about in a hopeless morass of stagnation it is largely because since 1920 wages in this country have been reduced by well over £500,000,000 per annum.

Leaving apart all other causes of poor trade you cannot get away from the fact that the great mass of British purchasers to-day have £500,000,000 less to spend than they had to spend a few years ago.

That is to say, they are to-day buying £500,000,000 less of goods than they used to buy, and therefore someone is making £500,000,000 less of goods, since it is clearly no good making articles merely to place on your factory shelves.

The manufacturer may perhaps turn round and say: "I produce as much as ever I can at Christmas because I know that most of what I produce will be sold." To this the shopkeeper



Mr. Henry Ford, who believes in big wages, big production and low prices—and does it

might very well reply: "You only sell at Christmas what you produce because I induce people to buy it."

To both of these I should like to say: "You can do to-day what you did at Christmas if you will both set your wits to work and make shopping as attractive to-day as you did a few weeks ago. If you are not selling your goods it is because you are not trying to sell them."

I have never been able to believe in that postposterous bogey of the economists called "over-production." I agree entirely with Mr. Henry Ford, who has repeatedly said that there can be no such thing as a glut of goods until everybody in the world has everything that he wants.

The vicious circle

We shall never solve this dreadful vicious circle of poor production, unemployment and bad trade until, by hook or by crook, we cheapen production and raise wages.

Surely it is obvious that the cheaper we produce the better wages we can pay. Surely it is equally obvious that the better wages we can pay the more people will have to spend. From all of which it follows that the more people spend the more they will buy and the more manufacturers will have to produce to supply the demand.

Do you not see that if we can only persuade the employers of labour to pay better wages we should have got out of one circle into another—but the other would run round in a beneficial direction, whereas our present circle keeps us tied to economic despair.

There are roughly 12,000,000 wage-earners in this country. If they were only in receipt of 5s. extra a week they would have £3,000,000 more to spend than they have at present. And £3,000,000 per week is the colossal total of £156,000,000 a year.

A staggering thought

Just look at this in the other way for one moment. Supposing certain pig-headed people had their way—and, believe me, there are still people of this archaic mentality knocking about—and these wage-earners had 5s. a week knocked off their wages. It does not sound much to knock 5s. off a single man's wage, but if it was done to all there would be £156,000,000 worth less goods bought in this country during the next twelve months!

The mere thought is enough to make an economist's hair turn white. And yet this, broadly, is what certain people are even now proposing.

Some day we shall perhaps develop enough common-sense to realise that prosperity is bred by prosperity. If ever we do, that is the day on which we shall begin to achieve prosperity.

of Death

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

has been done in this direction, very much remains to be done. The Home Secretary is of the same opinion. At one time it appeared as though he would act strongly according to that conviction.

HE told an annual meeting of the Safety First Association that possibly he would order the compulsory provision of "safety" officers in all the larger factories, and he followed up his speech by sending a circular letter to employers informing them he had provisionally approved of an Order requiring the institution of special safety arrangements in the chief accident-producing industries.

That letter stated—what is a fact—that the development of safety-first arrangements is disappointingly slow. The total number of accidents reported shows no sign of any substantial reduction, and while a certain number of these accidents are preventable by fencing and similar mechanical precautions, very many are due to other causes.

In the opinion of Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, the chief, if not the only, hope at present of effecting any substantial reduction in the total number of accidents seems to lie in the institution of a much closer and more comprehensive supervision in individual factories.

That is why he favours the establishment in all

large works of special safety organisations. These organisations would not only closely investigate every circumstance connected with every industrial accident, but also study the best methods of carrying on work with safety.

The workers would be instructed in the risks they ran and imbued with safety-first principles, and the factory organisation would see that all practicable means were taken for the promotion of safety methods in the factory.

Such safety organisations have been voluntarily established by some employers in their works. They have proved what can be done, because they have cut accidents down to a minimum, but there is no sign that employers generally will follow the example of the enlightened minority.

THE majority do not seem to concern themselves about the safety-first question. They make no attempt to grapple with it. Because of their attitude the Home Secretary wrote the letter I have quoted. In that letter he declared that if the employers did not voluntarily instal safety organisations in their works he would issue the compulsory Order he had had drafted.

The employers have not acted. Is it not time that the Order was brought out of its pigeon-hole?



Rheumatism Beaten

Sufferer free from pain since 1918.

Notice the two all-important lines in this man's candid testimonial. "I have never missed one dose." "I have never felt any signs of rheumatism since." After we had read the one, we knew we should come to the other. It's always the same. Time and time again we have seen it proved beyond doubt that rheumatism simply cannot resist the regular "little daily dose" of Kruschen.

"I take pleasure in writing a few lines to you of the benefit I have had by taking your Kruschen Salts every morning. In the beginning of 1917 I was taken ill with muscular rheumatism and was on the flat of my back for 12 weeks. My daughter bought a bottle of Kruschen Salts and I took a dose every morning, and I found relief finally by persevering from that day, which is 10 years and 6 months ago, I have never missed one dose. I would sooner go without my best meal than go without my dose of Kruschen Salts. I am now free from all muscular pains and never felt any signs of rheumatism since. Being a ship repairer and working amongst different trades on ship repairs, I am always recommending your Salts whenever they speak about stiffness or pains in the joints to me."—J.N. (Shipwright), Millwall, E.14. 5th Oct., 1927.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day.

Kruschen is a perfect blend of those six natural salts which are vital to your bodily well-being. Every day you must have these salts, or things go wrong inside you. The analysis is on the bottle. There are sodium and magnesium to clear away the waste matter that clogs your system and poisons your blood. Besides, they increase the flow of the fluids that stimulate the organs of elimination. To feed your tissues, there's the tonic potassium. Every Chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles. A large bottle contains 96 "daily doses"—enough to last three whole months.

Sole Manufacturers: E. GRIFITHS HUGHES, LTD.
65, DEANSGATE ARCADE, MANCHESTER.

A MYSTERY NURSING HOME

THE MIRACLE PUBLISHING FIRM

Bitter Pills for Nurses

ABOUT five months ago a company was registered at Somerset House with aims and objects of a very far-reaching character.

Primarily, it had in view the establishment throughout the British Empire of a chain of modern rest camps, convalescent homes and nursing institutions, wherein the highest services could be rendered to well-to-do patrons.

As an initial step, it was proposed to open a huge convalescent home at Thurstaston Hall, in Cheshire, and from this impending project the company derived its title of Thurstaston Hall Convalescent Home, Limited.

A Mr. Arthur Carson, who professed to be a manufacturing chemist, was the founder of the company, and the whole scheme, in fact, was a child of his own ambitious brain.

Posts that talk

When the company commenced its operations in August of last year, Mr. Carson used his sumptuously furnished flat at 13, St. James' Road, Liverpool, as the headquarters.

The landlady of this flat was Miss Margaret Young, a practising nurse, and Mr. Carson took the opportunity of confiding his intention of opening Thurstaston Hall as a modern nursing home and invited her to take up the position of matron.

Of course, the proposition interested Miss Young, and, fully believing that the position was assured, she parted with £20. She has not yet obtained the promised post, nor can she obtain her money!

Though her investment is small, she cannot afford to lose her money, quite apart from the disappointment. But there are other people, we find, who have been involved to a far greater extent.

Another woman, for instance, to whom Carson promised the remunerative position of housekeeper at the first nursing-home to be opened by him at Thurstaston, was thus induced to part with £200!

To this day she is without her job, and, like Miss Young, can obtain no information as to what Carson has done with her money.

The mystery deepens

Among other people whom he approached in this way, Carson went to a local doctor, and, outlining his scheme with great enthusiasm, persuaded the medical man to invest a substantial sum of money on the understanding that he would be appointed a joint director with Carson for life.

As time went on and the proposed convalescent home at Thurstaston was not opened, the various people who had parted with money began to grow somewhat restive.

Although Carson succeeded for a time in bamboozling his creditors with all manner of excuses, he finally disappeared from his St. James'



Chief Constable Everett of Liverpool, whom we urge to make local inquiries concerning this rump.

Road flat, leaving his dupes to their own resources.

In Carson's absence the mystery deepened. When belated enquiries were made, it was discovered that many tradespeople had been heavily involved in the grandiose scheme.

One of these is an electrical engineer, who was approached by Carson and instructed to instal up-to-date electrical apparatus at Thurstaston Hall.

Remote possibility

Being given his final instructions at an interview in the sumptuous flat in St. James' Road, he was greatly impressed by the eloquent Carson, and subsequently furnished material and labour to the extent of £360.

When he put in his bill he received no response, and when matters culminated with the disappearance of Mr. Carson, he decided to consult his solicitors.

The latter could only suggest that his one hope centred upon the somewhat remote possibility of serving Carson with a bankruptcy notice at the company's headquarters.

Among a number of other creditors, similarly involved, there is a furnishing firm from whom Carson obtained a large consignment of furniture on credit.

Mention may also be made of the telephone company, a printing firm and the interior decorators, all of whom have received nothing in payment.

Left stranded in this way, the investors and creditors had no alternative but to apply to the High Court of Justice for a winding-up order against the company. This was granted a few days ago by Mr. Justice Romer, the company being less than five months old.

"The Old Free and Easies"

By COL. HARRY DAY, M.P.

A rollicking tale of the earliest war-hal days appears in "THE PEOPLE" next Sunday.

Now, if this sorry venture were Carson's only attempt to impose upon unsuspecting people, it would reveal him in an unpleasant light; but we are able to state that he has gained notoriety by other company promotions which merit some comment.

In March of last year he formed a concern called "Publicity Press, Ltd.," with the avowed objects of publishing daily, weekly and monthly newspapers and periodicals. One point in common with the Convalescent Home Company was that the capital was only £1,000.

Show me or write

We leave our readers to guess how far such a modest sum would go when applied to the purchase of costly printing machinery.

But as the Publicity Press, Ltd., was intended to function as advertising agents, booksellers and even bankers, Mr. Carson must have felt confident that he could make a thousand pounds go a very long way.

With enthusiastic stories, he inveigled many investors into his scheme; but so far nothing has been realised in the way of profits and no news is forthcoming as to what has happened to the money.

The last registered address of Publicity Press, Ltd., was a one-roomed office in Victoria Street, London, S.W., where Mr. Carson was only seen for a few days, and from whence he departed leaving the rent unpaid, and retreating under a shower of writs from clamouring creditors.

Since so many people are anxious to find the elusive Mr. Carson at the present moment, we propose to offer a few illuminating fragments of information. In the first place, although he recently intimated that he was going to Paris, he really remained in London, in order to dodge his creditors.

Years ago, Carson dealt mostly in paints and enamels and oils; but he has always earned the reputation of living far beyond his means at the expense of others. It is within our knowledge that more than one concern with which he was associated has come to grief.

The one similarity

More recently Carson was advertising in the name of Carson for artistes for a concert party. Now, concert parties are far removed from oils and paints, which in turn are equally far removed from convalescent homes and printing presses.

The only similarity in this concert party scheme is the fact that the organiser wanted investments of £20 and upwards from the artistes before employing them.

It is within our knowledge that Scotland Yard has been asked to look into the affairs of this gentleman from Stockport, and we therefore urge all his victims to render all possible information to the Commissioner of Police, so that a concerted effort can be made to bring Carson to book for his long series of misadventures.

BIG MURDER TRIAL SCANDAL

WOMEN ON THE RACK

A Horrible Mummery

THE law of England is that men and women found guilty of wilful murder shall be hanged by the neck till they are dead. Where a reprieve is granted it simply means that the law has been set aside, that the King's prerogative of mercy, set in motion by the Home Secretary, has been allowed to override the law of the land.

The condemned wretch knows that at a certain hour on a given morning men will come to kill him. If need be, he will be dragged by main force to the scaffold and there put to death.

Argue as you will as to the justice of the penalty or its social necessity, it is an ugly, hateful business, from which every sensitive mind recoils in sick disgust.

Humane persons cannot repress a shiver of horror, even when a cold-blooded assassin, a Crippen, a Mahon, or a Robinson, pays the law's dread forfeit for some dastard deed of blood.

Tragic farce

The execution of Edith Thompson, involved with the man Bywaters in the murder of her husband, sent a shudder through the land.

It is contended sometimes that the certainty of death for murder is the supreme safeguard of human life. But there is no certainty of death for murder. The law's severity is constantly relaxed.

When the scarlet-robed judge dons the black cap and pronounces the awful words of doom, and even when the sentence is confirmed by the Court of Criminal Appeal, there is no sort of certainty that it will be carried into effect.

It was a tragic farce, a solemn mockery, in the case of twenty-six-year-old Doris Williams, sentenced to death at the Glamorgan Assizes last December for the murder of her little girl.

As the wretched woman stood swaying and swooning in the dock, hearing from the lips of Mr. Justice Branson that the hangman was to kill her, everyone in court must have known for a moral certainty that the gallows would never claim her.

With one awful exception; the girl herself, her mind clouded with fear and horror, may quite probably have believed it true.

Awful ordeal

For think of the agony of mind inflicted on this young mother, who was alleged to have poisoned her illegitimate child. At the first trial the case appeared so doubtful that the jury disagreed.

For five long weeks she was kept in jail awaiting her second ordeal, when, even after the judge's summing-up, it seemed doubtful still whether the jury would convict her.

Its scruples were overcome, and, once the foreman had pronounced the

verdict of "Guilty," the law of this Christian land left a humane judge no option but to assume the black cap and tell the shivering creature in the dock that she would be hanged—a falsehood to his almost certain knowledge, but one which the law compels him to speak.

Wait, however; the law has, as yet, only begun its torture of Doris Williams. With a Mahon or a



Mr. Justice Shearman

Crippen its methods may be brutal, but they are at any rate swift and direct.

The more subtle refinements of cruelty are reserved for women who might have been proud and happy mothers "if the worst had been the best."

Atrocious falsehood

The Home Secretary, of course, intervenes and promptly tells the doomed woman another shocking lie, entirely official, of course, a matter of settled routine and formal phraseology, imputing no blame to any individual, but an atrocious falsehood none the less—namely, that, instead of being hanged, she is to be kept in jail as long as she lives.

Of course, the poor woman will not remain in prison for life, or anything like it. One day, late or soon, but long before the twenty-one years which is the maximum "life" sentence under our curious laws, she will be free.

All this we know. But does she know it?

Is it clear, think you, to the anguished mind of this unhappy girl of twenty-six that the whole wretched business, from the black-capped judge at Glamorgan talking about the gallows to the Home Secretary's pronouncement about life imprisonment, was mere blood-curdling pretence, a monstrous tissue of make-believe?

The case of Doris Williams inevitably recalls that of Mary O'Donoghue, another half-demented, unmarried mother, to which strong reference was made in these columns when, last September, she was sentenced to

death at the Old Bailey for the murder of her month-old baby.

The amazing thing is that we all thought these horrors had ended. It was following upon constant agitation in JOHN BULL that, in 1922, the Infanticide Act was passed, to relieve judges of the hateful necessity of passing the death sentence in cases of this kind.

Now we discover that there is a fatal flaw in this merciful measure. It is designed to save from the scaffold, or from the threat of it, mothers who in their despair do away with their newly born children, but it omits to define the expression "newly born."

Judicial confusion

The result is hopeless judicial confusion. In Mary O'Donoghue's case Mr. Justice Talbot told the jury that a baby four weeks old could not be considered "newly born," and that the mother who caused its death was therefore guilty of wilful murder.

Yet at the Reading Assizes previously, in the case of another Irish girl named McConnell, in almost the same unhappy situation as O'Donoghue, Mr. Justice Shearman told the jury no less explicitly that they might absolve her from the charge of murder, and find a special verdict of infanticide under the Act of 1922, although the baby was six weeks old.

However, Mary O'Donoghue's case has been reviewed by the Court of Criminal Appeal, where three judges, including the Lord Chief Justice, have decided that Mr. Justice Talbot's less merciful view of the law was the correct one.

Before long, no doubt, Parliament will be asked to amend the Infanticide Act.

But it is to be earnestly hoped that it will take wider ground, and demand legislation which will make it for ever impossible for the horrible mummery of the death-sentence to be enacted in the sight of poor tortured women who will never see the gallows.

Humanity's disgrace

It was Mr. Justice Hawkins, more than fifty years ago, who in a case of this kind muttered the terrible hanging formula under his breath, at the same time exclaiming, "For God's sake tell her, somebody, that it will never be carried out."

More than fifty years ago!—yet we are reputed a humane people.

It ought to be competent for the judge in any murder trial, at his discretion, to postpone sentence till the King's pleasure is known, or, in plain terms, till the Home Secretary has had an opportunity of considering the case.

At the same time, there should be an end made of the parallel wickedness—for it is really nothing less—which tells women like poor Mary O'Donoghue that respite from the gallows means a lifetime behind prison bars.

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"Every Picture tells a Story"



Backache the kill-joy!

Strengthens your Kidneys.

IF YOUR KIDNEYS ARE WEAK, uric acid and other poisonous impurities remain in the blood and upset the entire system. That is why it is dangerous to neglect such warnings.

Backache, Bladder disorder, Dizziness, Gravel, Painful muscles or joints, Dropsical Swellings, Nervousness and Urinary disorders.

Start taking Doan's Pills to-day, and mark how this kidney tonic improves your health; how quickly you are freed from the pains of rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago and uric acid complications.

Well again, Now

Thanks
to Doan's
Pills

On 21st September, 1925, Mr. G. Cooke, 398, York Road, Islington, N.1, said:—"For about two months, I was subject to excruciating pains in my back and loins, and sciatic pains in both my legs. Some days the pains were so acute, that I was almost crippled. The action of the bladder was irregular and painful, and there was a sediment in the urinary excretions.

"Other treatment failing, I tried Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. These Pills did me good from the first, and before long I was in first-rate health."

On 26th September, 1927, Mr. Cooke said:—"My health continues good, thanks to Doan's Pills.

(Signed) G. Cooke."

Do as Mr. Cooke did. Ask distinctly for DOAN'S. 3/- per box.

DOAN'S

Backache Kidney Pills

McClellan & Co., London, W.1.

THE CELLAR OF SHAME

By HENRY S. DOIG

SLAVERY of the worst kind is being carried on under our noses. The victims are helpless. Nobody heeds their curses; nobody hears the anguished cry of the mother compelled to goad her own little ones on to the treadmill of perpetual toil

"If ever I get the chance to hit that thing," said Abraham Lincoln, speaking of the institution of slavery in the United States, "I will hit it damned hard." He did, and fought the American Civil War that the slaves might be free.

Is there no one among our younger statesmen who will register a similar oath to help the child slaves in the sweating dens of England?

I think I can promise him that the Recording Angel will deal with his imprecation as he did with the oath of Uncle Toby when he blotted it out with a tear.

The other day I saw some of these child-slaves in the basement of a mean house in a mean street in the East End of London, not far from Sidney Street.

It was a dark, damp, ill-lit vault, with cobwebs on the ceilings and mildew on the walls, but it was the home of a half-starved family of aliens, struggling to wrench a pitiful living by desperate labour and extreme toil.

Terrible alternative

The father was a tailor, who made up costumes for a fashionable West End establishment. He had worked his fingers to the bone for a sweating employer and had left him in despair.

He could not draw the "dole," which would have given him almost opulent ease, because "the old man" had reported him to the employment exchange as having "left of his own accord." For the same reason he could not be put on the register which might enable him to find another job.

He had therefore to undercut his employer and to sell his products as cheaply as possible lest he, in turn, might be undercut by somebody else.

So this unhappy fellow had to impress his whole family into the task and to make a workshop in the wretched cellar in which they lived.

There were the father and the mother, pale, pasty-faced and abject, a tuberculous daughter of about sixteen and four or five other children, down to an undersized little tot of seven who had also to take her share in the allotted task.

Poor little babe!

They fed and slept in the same room in which they worked, save the tuberculous daughter, who couched in a lobby which led to the sink.

All day and far into the night this miserable family slaved and toiled to pay the exorbitant rent of their wretched abode and to win a diet not much better than prison fare.

The average price this man earns for making an entire garment complete with buttonholes and trimmings, "seam and gusset and band," is not more than 6s., and the finished article sells in the West End for more guineas than he gets shillings.



Henry S. Doig

He has to supply his own needles, pins and thread and to pay for the gas to heat the iron he uses for pressing.

His wife must assist him, the tuberculous daughter sews the buttonholes, and the little tot of seven, weeping with fatigue, must sit up into the small hours pulling out basting threads and winding them again on a reel to avoid even the smallest waste.

This babe goes leaden-eyed and weary to school, where, under these conditions, it has not much better chance of learning anything useful than a half-wit.

Heartbreaking torture

Even when the children come home to their scanty and hurriedly prepared midday meal, these stunted, rickety, over-driven little slaves must work.

They must show a profit to the wretched father who has no choice but to sweat them.

Why does a man like this find himself compelled to exist under such horrible conditions?

It is largely due to the weakness and loopholes in the legislation that Parliament intended to eradicate sweating.

In the ordinary workshop in this trade a minimum wage per hour must be paid, but what happens is that the employer works a man for two or three hours, then "stands him off" for the rest of the day, so that the pressers may get on with their job.

It is to avoid this exasperating and heartbreaking torture that the wretched employé converts his own living-room into a "family workshop" and sweats his own children.

If the fashionable buyers of the garments made in these dreadful dens knew the conditions in which they were produced, they would start back in horror and affright.

I saw a rich and heavy piece of material used as a blanket on the mattress of the coughing child. This

is the usual custom throughout these family workshops, not only in the East End of London, but in the slums of Leeds and Bradford and Manchester and Birmingham.

Many of the workers in the trade are aliens, Poles and Czecho-Slovaks, who manage somehow to get smuggled into this country. Often they speak little or no English, and having no chance of other employment must take what is offered to them by their unscrupulous compatriots who have smuggled them in.

Shackles of slavery

Another spoke in this vicious circle is the young women. They regard it merely as a temporary occupation on the road to marriage. For this reason they will not join the trade union. They have been sweated from childhood up.

They are dull, often practically illiterate, and they cannot realise that they are keeping down the wages even of the men they hope to marry and fastening the shackles of slavery on the little children who are following on their down-at-heel footsteps.

The existence of these wretched people, apart from the suffering inflicted on their helpless children, is a serious menace to the health and well-being of the country. They carry infection like rats in tortuous and underground passages.

They breed like flies, for each child is self-supporting almost from the time it can toddle. Clothes for the bonny children of comfortable homes go out from these wretched pest-dens with no mark to suggest their tainted origin.

The girls who work in this soul-destroying trade cannot all marry. Driven out by younger rivals, they drift out upon the world with defective intelligence and weakened morale, and become an easy prey to unscrupulous and vicious men.

It is difficult to see any remedy, except the abolition of the "family workshop," and that is not an easy thing to do.

Wanted, a Wilberforce

It should be made illegal to make garments wholesale on contract in any room in which people eat and sleep, and the sanitary authorities should be empowered to carry this regulation into effect.

Two generations ago Charles Kingsley inspired the chords of public opinion and ended the barbarous employment in mines and factories of young children and saved little five-year-old boys who were driven up narrow chimneys by bullying masters.

Who will come forward with the courageous ardour of a Wilberforce, a Lincoln or a Plimsoll and rescue these child-slaves of the sweated tailoring trade from the sordid and tortured existence that is little better than a protracted death?

BARRY'S GREAT SALE

(FOR 14 DAYS MORE ONLY)

Opportunity time at Barry's. This real money-saving Made-to-measure Sale will end on Jan. 28th. There is, therefore, still time to secure the most wonderful bargains ever offered in tailoring history. Write at once for full range of patterns before stocks are sold.

**SUIT OR OVERCOAT
MADE TO YOUR SPECIAL MEASURES**

35% 45% 55%

EVERY 10% INCREASE IN PRICE
MEANS 21 MORE VALUE IN
YOUR SUIT OR OVERCOAT.
Your Great Opportunity!

The Sale ranges embrace all the latest weaves, makes and shades.

**SEND for
FREE PATTERNS**

Handsome Fashion Brochure and unique unfailing Self-Measure Chart accompany every set of patterns.

WRITE NOW OR CALL. Those calling may be measured in our Showrooms. We forfeit 2/6 more than you pay us if we fail to please you at every point.



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"Cash on
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CARABINE
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BETTER THAN EVER THE MOST TRUSTWORTHY STORM COAT ON THE MARKET THE FAMOUS BARRICO

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Original Price

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Special Offer

30/- POST PAID

Everybody should invest in a Barrico, the new and improved raincoat which may be relied on in every climatic emergency. Why not seize this special offer and procure yours at this advantageous price? Every coat is fitted with detachable wool lining, and the famous Norsark ollakin, which renders the garment impervious to rain, sleet or snow. Ideal in all weathers. Free of all rubber, hygienic and odourless.

Post us your remittance for 30/- for this Ideal Coat, giving us your height and also round chest, over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE or FAWN SHADE is preferred.

Cash refunded if not approved.

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He breathes cleanliness it has a cash value



MANY a business deal falls through because the salesman lacks something of that smart cleanliness, which good taste and efficiency to-day demand.

A clean mouth and sweet breath are essential. The regular use of Wrigley's after eating, drinking, or smoking, ensures them.

By flushing the mouth, Wrigley's also helps to ward off Winter coughs and colds. Its pleasantly antiseptic qualities, plus the flow of natural juices, enable the tissues to resist the attacks of cold germs.

Good salesmen everywhere are Wrigley devotees.

Use Wrigley's — the sweet of refinement and efficiency.



Doctors have said

"There's Health in Brown Bread"

For many years
doctors recom-
mended "brown
bread" for health.
Then came

HōVIS

(Trade Mark)

—so rich in the vital,
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wheat germ that

*Doctors Now Say
'Eat Hōvis To-day'*

Best Bakers Bake It.

HōVIS LTD. LONDON & MACCLESFIELD



Kindle Wilcox, of Newcastle.

Mother Now treats Colds With a Salve.

"Vick brand Vapour-Rub clears the head and throat better than any remedy I have tried," says Mrs. E. Wilcox, of 105, Buck's Hill, Nuneaton. "I used this vaporising salve on my five-year-old boy with great success, and now my daughter and I treat all colds in this simple way."

Acts in 2 ways.

Thousands prefer this modern vaporising salve because it checks colds overnight without "dosing." Rubbed on throat and chest, it acts in two ways.

Like a vapour-lamp, it gives off healing vapours which loosen the phlegm and clear the head; and like a poultice, it "draws out" all tightness and pain and helps the inhaled vapours to relieve the congestion. Just as good for adults, too.

Regular size now only 2/-, half-size 1/3, at all chemists.

Just rub it on **VICK**
BRAND
VAPOUR-RUB
BEST FOR CHILDREN'S COLDS

A MOTTO WORTH A MILLION

by MAJOR T. H. HAGUE

(Secretary-General, National Union of Limbless ex-Service Men)

"THE longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is earnestness and invincible determination; a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory."—BURTON

"IT must be wonderful," wrote one of my correspondents recently, "to see men who have suffered so much for us winning their way back to health and prosperity. When I read of their courage and patience I feel ashamed to think how many of us let our little worries, which are comparatively insignificant, upset us so much."

I agree. It is wonderful, especially when we realise that in so many cases an additional burden of constant physical pain must be carried. It would hardly be surprising if some were to throw up the sponge through sheer discouragement, but, thank God, they are made of sterner stuff.

One of the outstanding examples of invincible determination and pluck it has ever been my lot to meet is to be found behind a prosperous little business in a Midland town. It is an example of which, I confess, I am very proud.

Although below military age, this lad was in such a hurry to join the Army in 1914 that he forgot to give the recruiting sergeant his correct age, and a few years later, still barely twenty, he found himself back in civilian life with four war medals and a small pension to compensate him for the limb he had left behind in France.

Determined to make good

After his discharge from hospital, his first thought was to get a job to tide him over till conditions became more settled—for, limbs or no limbs, he was determined to make good—when he would be able to find more scope to fulfil his ambition to have his own business.

Naturally, he turned first of all to his pre-war employer who had proudly shaken him by the hand, saying, "God bless you, my lad, and the best of luck to you. We will see you are all right when you come back." It was then learned that talk is cheap. Luckily he expected

neither thanks nor gratitude, so he was hardly disappointed when he found there was no vacancy for him.

He asked no more favours, but kept his chin up and never wavered, although I cannot say it wasn't a hard fight as he found himself passed over time after time in his daily search for a job.

Desperate plunge

Perhaps, he thought, it would be easier if he had some special training, and so he spent a year on one of those well-intentioned comical schemes under which a Government department trained disabled men in a trade—and, afterwards, invariably left them stranded. This, of course, was his fate.

But as no man is really beaten till he himself admits it, he entered into a partnership with another man and worked hard for nearly a year, when his partner let him down badly and left him in debt.

Most of us would have given up at that, but not so this man, who never knew what it was to be beaten.

Then he was lucky enough to get a good job which seemed to offer possibilities, but the firm got into difficulties and after three months he found himself once again stranded, but this time with the added responsibilities of a married man.

Then, the result of an accident, followed a long spell in hospital, and the news of the arrival of the first baby would have given a man of lesser mettle little cause for rejoicing.

What it really did was to clinch matters, for when he was well again he staked everything on one desperate plunge—and after three years of game struggle, fighting every inch of the way, he has won through.

His reputation of sterling honesty gave him the little credit he needed, and his unswerving determination has gradually turned the lean years into prosperity. I



Major T. H. Hague

know him well, and I am convinced that had he ever faltered for one moment this story could never have been written.

When I called to see him and asked him how he had achieved his wonderful success, he said with quiet pride, "I took your advice and never stopped striving."

Hanging in a neat frame in his sitting-room is a cutting I had sent him on his darkest day, and this is what I said:

"Better to strive and climb
And never reach the goal,
Than to drift along with the time
An aimless, worthless soul.
Ay, better to climb and fall
Or to sow though the yield be small,
Than to throw away day after day
And never to strive at all."

The Sentence of the Court

"CORA" SUCCEEDS "DORA"

Tyranny and Tripe

SPORTING the tartan of the Clan McKillop, Sir William Mackenzie pleaded "Not guilty" of circulating undesirable literature.

"The accused," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "was chairman of the committee which has produced that weird piece of literature which purports to be a history of the decline and fall of 'Dora.'"

"Most readers had hoped that Dora would hang herself in the last chapter, but the misguided authors have not only given her a fresh lease of life, but have introduced a new character, 'Cora'—short for 'Confusion of the Realm Act.'"

"Cora, being an addle-pated flapper with a passion for indigestion wrapped in silver paper, does not mind sweets being sold in theatres during an entertainment. But her disregard for common-sense in other directions would not discredit Dora herself in her most surly mood."

"Put briefly, the committee has recommended the retention of enough red-tape to enable half the shopkeepers in the kingdom to hang themselves when driven temporarily insane in an attempt to discover where (if anywhere) they stand."

"Uncooked tripe, for instance, can now be sold till 9.30 p.m., but if the committee has its way, tripe-eaters will have

to buy their favourite fodder before 8 p.m. One can only assume that a desire to encourage the consumption of partially cooked tripe (to which category the committee's report belongs) is at the bottom of this new piece of insanity."

"Also, refreshment-room attendants must still keep a lynx-like eye on every purchaser of a ham sandwich, to make sure that some miscreant does not carry the evil article into the home, instead of eating it in a train."

Mr. Strawsplitter said that the committee had done its best in difficult circumstances, its restricted terms of reference having precluded a recommendation for the summary execution of "Dora." Many of the restrictions still in force might cause inconvenience to the purchasing public, but the comfort and health of shop assistants had also to be considered.

"How in the name of all that's muddled," demanded Mr. Justice Bull, "is the health of an assistant in, say, a fish shop benefited because he may sell a sole, but not a kippered herring, after a certain hour? No reasonable person wants to see shop assistants overworked,

but the Government could best prevent this by implementing the recommendations of the Washington Eight Hours' Convention."

"In a weak-minded attempt to please everybody, the prisoner and his confederates have pleased scarcely anybody."

"When, for example, it was brought to their august notice that fruit sellers may sell apricots at an hour when they cannot sell apples, the committee set its giant intellect in motion and solved the problem by forbidding the sale of either fruit!"

"Where they have tried to hedge they have made chaos more chaotic. What, for instance, is to be made of the recommendation to grant extended hours to shopkeepers in holiday resorts?"

"Almost every place, most of all London, is a holiday resort for somebody, but a dozen bush lawyers, Dutch uncles and Whitehall oracles will have to be consulted before a shopkeeper will know what he can sell and when he can sell it. All that is clear is that a Departmental Committee can sell us a pup at any old time."

"I must direct that the prisoner be forbidden to purchase haggis after 8.28 p.m., except in an alcohol holiday resort—the definition of which shall be left to the Oldest Inhabitant of Colney Hatch."



Wonderful Recovery from Nerve Shock

"If it had not been for your wonderful Phosferine I would not have been here. I had two accidents, being badly burnt on the back and falling down the stairs in flames, so you will guess what sort of a state I have been in. I have had two 1/3d bottles and a 3/- bottle of Phosferine and it has done me a lot of good. I find a difference in myself since I started to take it. I hardly slept for about three months and when I saw the advertisement in the paper I sent for Phosferine. I can tell you I found a difference in myself in a fortnight. I have told such a lot of people about Phosferine, as it is the best thing anyone can get and I myself can speak for it as I was in a terrible state from the accidents. My mother thought I would never get over it, but what a change since I started to take Phosferine."—Mrs. E. Fawcett, 27, East Villas, Ashington, Northumberland. 4th July, 1927.

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given with equally good results to the children.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza
Debility
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Sleeplessness
Exhaustion
From Chemists.

Neuralgia
Maternity Weakness
Weak Digestion
Mental Exhaustion
Loss of Appetite
Tablets and Liquid.

Lassitude
Neuritis
Faintness
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Anæmia

Nerve Shock
Malaria
Rheumatism
Headache
Sciatica

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size Aldersch



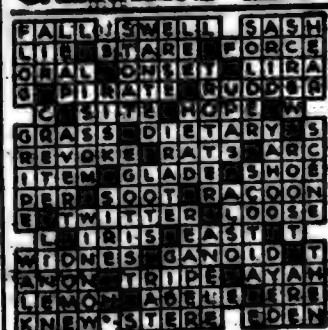
CHAPPED HANDS & CHILBLAINS

Immediately your skin feels rough, sore or chapped, or you have chilblains, apply Zam-Buk. This remarkable herbal balm replaces the deficiency of natural oils in the tissues, it soothes smarting, stinging pain, allays inflammation and irritation, reduces swelling, and grows new healthy skin. Zam-Buk also safeguards you against the perils of blood-poison. Zam-Buk is very effective when rubbed in for a cold in the chest or back and when inhaled from the palms of the hands for cold in the head and nasal catarrh. Also unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, sprains, eczema, rashes, pimples, bad legs, ringworm, ulcers, piles, septic wounds, etc. 1/3 a box.

APPETITE IMPROVED QUICKLY

Carter's Little Liver Pills
Purely Vegetable Laxative
move the bowels without
pain or unpleasant after-
effects. They relieve the system of constipation
poisons which dull the desire for food. Remember
that they are a doctor's prescription and can be given
to every member of the family. All chemists, 1/3 & 2/-

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS



Solution
to the
Cross-word
Puzzle
in our last
issue.

This week's
puzzle is
on page 38

DR. HAIR'S ASTHMA CURE

is recommended by famous physicians for

Asthma Bronchitis

Catarrh, etc.,

You CAN stop those painful paroxysms of coughing—banish that awful choking sensation and restore your normal breathing by this simple home treatment. Almost every post brings new evidence that Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, etc., can be cured, and that Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure is the one which goes right to the root of the complaints.

844 PEOPLE DIED in one month FROM BRONCHITIS IN LONDON ALONE.

The Highest Mortality of any Disease.—The Registrar General's Report, 1926

The most eminent British Asthma Specialist says:—

"... I have not seen one who, if there were no serious complications, no matter how long the duration of the Asthma, could not be cured..."



The ROYAL PHYSICIAN
who endorsed
Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure.

If you are a sufferer, don't give up hope—the most obstinate cases of many years' duration have yielded in a few days to Dr. Hair's Asthma and Bronchitis Cure. Permanent cures have been effected after everything else had failed. Doctors have been astonished at the wonderful effects of Dr. Hair's Cure in cases which seemed incurable. Famous medical men in all parts of the world recommend and prescribe it in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Hay Fever complaints. Dr. Hair's treatment is speedy in action—a few doses of this liquid medicine give relief and health, strength and flesh are rapidly restored. Don't suffer another day's unnecessary agony now that a genuine and proved cure is within your reach!

A FREE BOOK

Every sufferer from Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Hay Fever, etc., should read Dr. Hair's book. Send for it Now! Fill in Coupon below. This book tells how, after years of suffering, Dr. Hair discovered a really permanent cure and how he devoted his life to the relief and cure of other sufferers. After reading this book you will appreciate why Dr. Hair's Treatment is approved and recommended by the medical profession.

Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure is obtainable from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Needhams, Squires, and all leading Chemists, price 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or direct post free (C.O.D.) from address on coupon below—104, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

From the thousands of testimonials received we append one of the most recent:—

A MARVELLOUS CURE.

31, Sleepers Hill, Liverpool.
24th September, 1927.

Sir,—My wife has had Asthma over seven years and has never had any comfort until she read of your Asthma Cure and sent for a bottle to see if it would do her any good. She has spent pounds on everything to try and ease her—at last she has succeeded. The first bottle found relief and comfort, and now she can sleep without being propped up with pillows, and can go about doing her housework the same as she did years ago. Thanking you for your marvellous I remain, yours,
(Sgd.) Mr. E. Tyrer.

Post this
Coupon TO-DAY

To Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure Ltd.,
(Dept. 69), 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Please send me, FREE and post paid, Dr. Hair's 48-page Book on Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, etc.

Name.....

Address.....

.....County.....

Send in unsealed envelope for 1d.
WORTH IN BLACK INK ONLY. J.B. 10/2/28

IMPORTANT

To all sufferers from CATARRH

Deafness, Asthma, Ear Noises, Hay Fever.

Hundreds of men and women who in the past suffered from Catarrh, Deafness, Asthma and similar distressing ailments—but who suffer no longer—testify to the wonderful cures effected by the use in their own homes of the late Sir Hiram Maxim's Inhaler. Yet many thousands who still suffer hesitate to send for this wonderful invention because they are in doubt whether it would effect a cure in their case.

OUR NEW OFFER

On receipt of P.O. for 2/6, we will send you one of these Maxim Inhaler Sets. Use it for seven days. If it does not bring you relief, send it back to us unbroken and we will refund your money. If you obtain benefit from it, as we know you will, then send us the balance of 5/-. Only new and unused Inhalers are issued by us. Every set returned is destroyed and means a dead loss to us.

If you would prefer to have our booklet, the "Home Doctor," first, we will send it FREE on receipt of your name and address. It tells in their own words the experience of those who have used the Inhaler and been cured of Catarrh, Deafness, Hay Fever, Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis. If you suffer from, or are subject to, any of these complaints, this Inhaler will truly surprise you. Its use brings immediate relief and eventual cure. No matter what remedies you have tried before, make up your mind now to suffer no more. Send your P.O. to-day (or write for the booklet). Where other "cures" have entirely failed, this Inhaler has succeeded.



COUPON

Please send me Maxim Inhaler Set. I enclose P.O. 2/6, and will either send the balance 5/- or return the set unbroken within 7 days for refund of my deposit.

NAME

ADDRESS

Sir Hiram Maxim's Licensees (Dept. M.R.1)
44, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.



TO CURE RHEUMATISM

Swollen joints, stiff limbs and back, twitchings in the muscles, the constant pain day and night are all signs that Uric Acid poisons are depositing razor-like crystals in the blood, which are continually tearing away at the nerves. This is why you suffer pain. Forty years of successful results afford proof positive that there is no quicker, surer means of curing for ever all Rheumatic conditions than a short course of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Your chemist sells this world famous, doctor-recommended remedy in the 3/- size, under definite guarantee of satisfaction or money back in full. De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are recommended and used by doctors. Take two at night, one before meals. In 24 hours you will see and know they are doing you good.

For free sample write to E. C. De Witt & Co., Ltd. (Dept. K. 5), East Croydon.



DEWITT'S PILLS

Words Winged to Women

"A TERRIBLE MONSTROSITY"

by MABEL HORNER

"THE essential thing about life is its quality, not quantity."—
Dr. Norwood

THE other day a lady, signing herself "Nancy Norris," wrote a very indignant letter to the *Times*. I share the indignation of Mrs. Norris to the full. Like her, and possibly many other women who have not made their views public, I am completely opposed to the remarks of Dr. Alice Hutchinson, in regard to what she is pleased to call "only childism."

Dr. Alice Hutchinson made her remarks about only children to a conference of health visitors and nurses which met at King's College, London. She declared that birth control is having "a very deleterious effect upon women. It is producing that terrible monstrosity, the only child. We may come to speak, not of drink, but of 'only childism,' as the greatest curse of the country."

Doubtless she said other things that were quite useful and good in regard to children and their upbringing, but whatever wisdom this lady may have uttered is completely discounted by the utter rubbish just quoted.

It is a silly generalisation. It bears as much relation to actual fact as the moon resembles green cheese.

Spawned like fish

I will not now discuss the "pros" and "cons" of birth control further than to remind Dr. Alice Hutchinson that, after the clergy, doctors are notorious for the smallness of their own families.

That is a fact to remember when they advocate other couples having wholesale tribes, children not judiciously born, but as the late General Booth once put it, "spawned into the world like fish."

I refute the monstrous suggestion that because a child is not a member of a big family it is bound to be a monstrosity and a curse to the country.

I have, of course, known only children

who were spoiled to the point of being home tyrants—until they went to school and got it ridiculed out of them. But equally I have known children, both of rich and poor, who came crowding into the world one after another until the mother actually died of exhaustion, and who yet were quite unbearable nuisances.

There are, of course, only children who go to the bad.

But there are, at this very moment, thousands of members of very large families cooling their heels in jail because of their failure to relate themselves sensibly to the rest of the community.

Here we touch the heart of the contention. A child's usefulness to the community has no relation to the size, small or big, of the family into which it is born. It is more useful if it is healthy; it is more useful if it is well educated; it is more useful if its environment is good, and it learns the proper meaning of truth and honesty and beauty; it is more useful if its temper and its passions are controlled.

And what in the name of sanity and common-sense has the size of its family to do with these matters? Ask a farmer

his experience. There is more analogy between stock-breeding and child-breeding than the ultra-polite would have us think.

The skilled farmer knows that a large carelessly bred flock will contain the most weaklings.

So with children. There are more children with a tendency to feeble-mindedness in large families than there are only children with feeble intellect.

If Dr. Alice Hutchinson had contented herself with pointing out that an only child was more difficult to bring up in spiritual health than the child with brothers and sisters, then all women with experience of children would have agreed with her.

Monstrosities and freaks

Children in a group "knock the corners off one another," so to speak. They interest one another and correct one another's selfishness. But to deny the same process as possible to an only child is to set the material fact of birth over every spiritual influence.

It is to make the dreadful suggestion that every family is a little enclosed world with no relationship to the rest of humanity.

That conception of the family does exist, and where it does, all its members are monstrosities, freaks and anti-social. Christianity has never favoured that conception.

"Behold My mother, and My brothers, and My sisters . . ." said the Carpenter of Nazareth, with a comprehensive sweep of the hand to all those around. Brought up in that spirit, no child, whether "only" or a member of a large family, will be anybody's curse.

Rather, growing up in tune with all that is best in its fellow-creatures, it will make for blessing in its turn.



Anybody's Bairn. Its future does not depend upon how many other babies are born into the same family, but how its parents teach it to act

£1,500 LOOK YOU!

Brains, Brainwaves and Bliss

ALTHOUGH she has always felt the lure of the big cities, Miss Margaret Evans, a council school teacher in remote Cardiganshire, has chosen to remain with her aged mother in a cottage among the lonely Welsh hills.



Miss Margaret Evans

First Prize of £1,500 had been awarded to Miss Margaret Evans, of Glandwr, Creuddyn Bridge, Lampeter, Cardigan.

Miss Evans heard the astonishing rumours of her big win from various sources long before she arrived home. "I never dreamt," she said, "of winning such a sum. I liked my 'Bullet' and thought perhaps it might win for me £5 or so. I certainly never expected it to win a fortune."

"I only took up *Bullets* a year ago and have won several 'Target' prizes, but I should have been satisfied if I had some day won £20."

"The winning 'Bullet'—Britain's Sons—Died, Leaving Us 'Trustees'—is quite out of my ordinary style of effort. Humorous attempts have generally scored for me before."

"But that 'Example,' Britain's Sons, impressed itself upon my memory and seemed to call for a 'Bullet' in a serious vein. Instinctively I turned to the war and its aftermath, and so my £1,500 'Bullet' was born."

Unexpected fortune

There is a wealth of encouragement in Miss Evans' win for "Bullets" competitors who seldom secure more than a "Target" prize.

"I have never before won a cash prize in 'Bullets,'" she said, "so that had it not been for the 'Target' prizes which came along, I should never have kept on competing."

It may be added that the actual "Bullet" which was awarded £1,500 was entered free on one of the prize coupons which had kept this lady competitor aiming at a big prize.

Now that *Bullets* has brought her sudden wealth, our £1,500 prizewinner means to gratify her longing to spend a

holiday abroad. This luxury provided for, she intends investing the rest of her big prize to provide a steady income for the future.

Who said that a woman cannot aim straight? The fair sex has certainly been

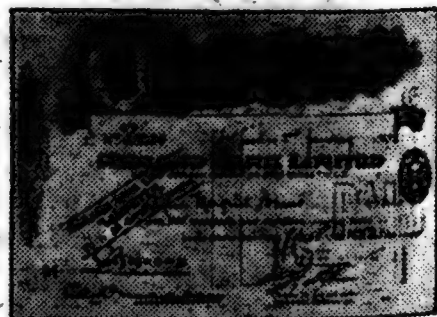


Photo of the £1,500 cheque sent to Miss Margaret Evans for her prize-winning "Bullet"

scoring heavily in *Bullets* of late, for both this £1,500 and the recent £2,500 have fallen to the steady aim of lady competitors.

Will it be a man behind the gun that shoots a £300 *Bullet* this week? Or will woman put man in his place again? Join the *Bullets* shooting party and provide the answer yourself!

YOU CAN PLAY THE PIANO TO-DAY-TRY IT NOW!

Here is an illustration of your Piano or Organ-Key-board.

Go to it and play for yourself the first 14 notes of "Auld Lang Syne."



BASS. This part is for the Left Hand.

This part is for the Right Hand. TREBLE.

We Teach You FREE!

You Merely Pay for
the Necessary Music.

THERE is only one system of Pianoforte tuition in the world by which you can learn to play tunes, with both hands, after but one short lesson in your own home and on your own piano—that is the Nauntun National Music System.

It makes no difference whether you are young or old; whether you have had previous lessons or not, you can play the piano to-day by this marvellously rapid and simple system. There are no sharps, flats, or theoretical difficulties, and no dull or wearisome exercises or scales to worry you.

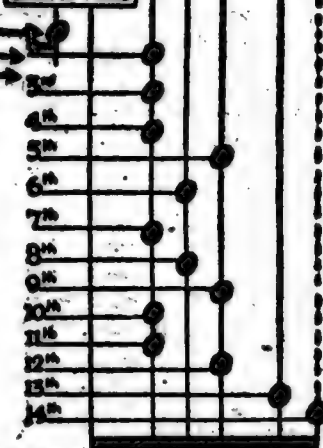
Failure is Impossible!

You cannot fail, it is so simple. All you have to do is to sit at your piano with our music in front of you and play at once—your favourite classical compositions, sacred music, songs, dance music—anything you desire. Our first lesson will show you how. We have taught many thousands of people of all ages, all over the world, to become successful pianists.

STRIKE THIS NOTE FIRST
This one
This one next
and so on.

Strike
these
notes
on
your
Piano.

LOCK OF PIANO



They are the first 14 notes of "Auld Lang Syne" written in the extremely simple Nauntun National Music System.

HERE ARE THE SAME NOTES WRITTEN IN THE ORDINARY NOTATION.



Remembering the key signature of six sharps, which is the most difficult key used in ordinary music. You can play these 14 notes easily now we have shown you how. Send the special coupon from this advertisement, and get your first Nauntun Book; it will show you how to read and play in any key—complete compositions on your piano or organ with both hands.

We have received from delighted students and Musical Authorities Thousands of Unsolicited Testimonials.

Here are a few selected at random. You can see the originals in the Reception Hall at our London Offices.

Mr. FREDERICK MULLER, well-known composer of Educational Music, says: "You have discovered a method of teaching music without the usual drudgery. This, in my opinion as a writer of educational music, removes one of the greatest obstacles with which beginners have to contend."

"A DELIGHTED PARENT" writes: "I am perfectly satisfied with the progress my daughter is making with her music under your system. . . . My daughter can play better than several we know who have been learning two or three years."

Mr. CHARLES ANGLIFFE, Musical Director and Composer of many famous works, including "Nights of Gladness Waltz," writes: "Its logical lucidity must in time revolutionise our present system of musical orthodoxy. Had I but known it years ago, it would have smoothed the paths of hundreds of young students who have passed through my hands. This benefit, however, is open to beginners of to-day and they will do well to avail themselves of its wonderful help."

A PUPIL—Sixty years of age—writes: "I am getting on grand. Sixty years of age and I can play forty pieces of music perfectly."

ANOTHER PUPIL writes: "I wish to thank you for all your kindness. I am delighted at being able to play. I had quite made up my mind that I was too old to learn even though to amuse myself."

Mr. HUBERT BATH, one of the greatest musical authorities of to-day, writes: "My attention was drawn some time ago to a wonderful idea known as the Nauntun System. I have looked into it and can say, as a musician, that, were I in the position that I was when commencing to study my art, the Nauntun System would have saved me a deal of trouble, study and difficulty."

"I consider your method a killer of complications."—R. J. BELLAMY, Member of the Sol-fa College, Holder of Society of Arts and Midland Institute Certificates for Theory, Harmony and Counterpoint.

Mr. BENNETT SCOTT, the composer of over 5,000 of the most popular songs in Great Britain, writes: "I consider Nauntun's National Music System the most ingenious invention in connection with music I have ever seen."

Prove the Simplicity of the System YOURSELF!

Ordinary old-fashioned methods entail costly tuition, which becomes increasingly expensive as you progress. To this is added the cost of music and the years of drudgery.

By the Nauntun National Music System you learn to play FREE. . . . You merely pay for the necessary music, and there is no drudgery whatever. If you are one of the thousands who have tried and failed, have given up learning by the old methods, or are afraid to begin because of cost and drudgery, take advantage of the special offer we make to-day, and fill in the coupon which appears in this advertisement. By return of post you will receive our Special Instruction Book, containing eight popular tunes which you can play at once. This book also tells you how you can easily, quickly and pleasantly become a really good pianist. Do not miss this opportunity.

Fill
in this
Coupon
NOW!

For Your First Book.

To the Manager, NAUNTUN'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM, 27, High St., New Oxford St., London, W.C.2.

Being a reader of JOHN BULL and desirous of testing your system, I send herewith postal order for ONE SHILLING and SIXPENCE, in return for which please send me your "Special Instruction Book," containing eight tunes, also particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

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J.B. 1-2-28

Human Documents

A Costly Double Life

Dangerous Situation—Secret Deception—Unworthy Mother

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

MY father was a self-made man who started in a small way and progressed until he had the largest business of its kind for miles round. I received a good education, and when I left school commenced working in my father's business.

"I devoted myself whole-heartedly to it, so that after a few years almost the entire management with the exception of the financial side devolved upon me.

"After a while, though the business seemed to be thriving, the financial position grew very unsatisfactory. My father had recourse to accommodation bills and money-lenders in his efforts to stave off the evil day that he evidently saw approaching, but at last he was obliged to file his petition.

"The business was carried on for a time by a trustee until my elder brother bought the assets, with the idea of making some provision for my mother, and I again carried on the business, with my father occupying a sort of advisory position.

"THIS arrangement was scarcely started before my brother died. The business again went ahead, however, and I was looking forward to another period of prosperity, when my mother died also.

"It was just after she had been laid to rest that I discovered the reason for my father's financial downfall. It transpired that for nearly twenty years he had been living a double life, and unknown to us had kept a second home going.

"Within a short time of my mother's death my father announced his intention of remarrying and I found that he proposed putting the woman upon whom he had wasted his substance in my dear mother's place.

"I felt that was more than I could bear, and I left home and started in business on my own account. Try as I may, however, I seem unable to make headway.

"While I was in my father's employ he kept me on a very small wage, with which I was contented, thinking I should ultimately inherit the business, but now after years of conscientious work in my father's service I find myself struggling for a bare existence through his wicked life of duplicity.

"HUMANIST" says: *It will not help you in the least to lay the whole responsibility for your own failure to your father's account. You must try to rise above such circumstances. The fact that you were able to develop your father's business shows that you have ability which you should be able to utilise to your own advantage, and I trust that by patience and perseverance you will at last have the satisfaction of achieving success in spite of your severe handicap.*

MY daughter, who is on the stage, is at present rehearsing in the provinces for a production which is to be put on early in the New Year, and I am very distressed by a letter which I have received from her.

Starving on the Stage
"She tells me that she does not receive any pay while she is rehearsing, and that having exhausted all her savings when she accepted this engagement, she is practically starving and does not know how to pay for her lodging or where to turn for a square meal until she receives her

money at the end of the first week the show is open.

"She asks me to send her money, but I have already helped her all that I possibly can, and can do no more, as I have a large family and we are living from hand-to-mouth, ourselves through her father being out of work.

"I am especially worried because she mentions that there is one way in which chorus-girls can get money when they are hard-up, though it is a way she will not take.

"But how can anyone be sure that a girl will not be driven to desperate means if, as she says, she is starving, and does not know where her next meal is coming from?"

"HUMANIST" says: *It is a disgraceful thing that stage-girls should be asked to work at rehearsals without pay. If she is with such a hard-hearted management, perhaps the best thing she can do is to call on the chaplain of the local branch of the Actors' Church Union, whose name and address she will find on the call board. He will, I feel sure, see that she is protected from moral danger and saved from starvation until she receives her pay.*

A Secret Lover
"I AM one of two sisters, both married, with small families. Our homes are some miles apart, but from time to time we visit each other for a day, returning home to sleep. At least, that was so in my case, and so far as I knew in my sister's case as well, until one day her secret came out.

"I was on a visit to my sister when her husband suggested that I should stay the night with them and return home in the morning. When I explained that I thought my husband might object, he said he did not see why, since we frequently kept his wife with us over night.

"I was nonplussed at this, for we had never kept my sister over night—in fact, she had always left quite early. When I reached home, I told my husband what had passed, and we decided to wait until my sister paid us another visit, and then see what she had to say.

"A few days afterwards she came. When we asked her to explain matters, she started to cry, and at last told us that when she was supposed to have been with us she had stayed with an old lover.

"She promised to drop him if we would say nothing to her husband, and on that condition we agreed to keep her secret. Imagine our disgust when a week later we saw her with this man again. Should we tell her husband? It is an uncomfortable secret.

"HUMANIST" says: *Having broken her promise, your sister cannot expect to hold you to yours, although, at the same time I never approve of tale-telling. Tell her once more that you cannot allow yourself to participate in her deception of her husband, and ask her to cease her visits to you. If you cease your visits to her home, her husband will probably ask the reason and discover the truth.*

Growth
THE year is still in its infancy, wailing over its vast army of workless men and consequent poverty. Will you soothe its woes and strengthen its growth by subscribing to "The Greatest of These"—Fund? (See page 38.)

I WAS the only child of my mother's first marriage, and my early recollections of my father are of a good kind man, whose patience was sorely tried. My mother ran away from him, taking me with her, and went to live with a man who turned out to be as cruel as my father was kind, and it was not long before she left him.

Finding a Father
"You would think that would have been a lesson to my mother, but she was not the sort of woman to live alone, and after a while we went to live with a second 'step-father.' As before, I was kept on to do the housework and slave from morning to night.

"Recently, I have found my father, who has been away for years, and though he does not want to have anything to do with my mother, he would like me to visit him, if not to live with him.

"When I mentioned this to my mother she flew into a rage, and said she would not let me have anything to do with my father, telling me that as I am not yet twenty-one, I am still under her control."

"HUMANIST" says: *There is nothing to prevent you going to your long-lost father if he is willing to have you, and your finding him seems to offer a happy way out of your distress. If he is a good man, go to him. Your mother will know better in view of her irregular mode of life than to attempt to get you back.*

Wanting It Both Ways
"My mother has turned me out of the house, and refuses to acknowledge me as her son. She has put her nephew in my place, but now she is asking me to send her money towards her keep. Do you think I ought to pay her anything after she has driven me from home?"

"Humanist" says: *If your mother installed her nephew in your place, she should look to him for support. You cannot be compelled to contribute to her maintenance unless she becomes chargeable to the guardians. Why not visit her? Perhaps she is repenting her harsh treatment of you.*

Married in Name Only
"When I was in trouble, the young man responsible persuaded me to wear a wedding-ring and tell my parents I was married to him. Now that he seems to have deserted me, they cannot understand why I do not apply for a maintenance order against him. What can I do?"

"Humanist" says: *You can at least apply for an affiliation order in respect of your child. If you can prove that he persuaded you to declare you were married to him when you were not, that would probably be accepted as an admission of parental responsibility.*

Time to Tell
"My wife and I adopted an illegitimate baby girl who, now twenty-two, has asked my consent to her marriage engagement. I have put her off for the present, wondering whether it is right to allow her to become engaged without knowing the circumstances of her birth.

"Humanist" says: *If the girl is old enough to be married, she should have sufficient sense to realise the circumstances of her birth and the greater obligation to you. If her prospective husband intends to make her happy, it will make little difference to him, and it is better that she should learn the truth from you.*



Buy
Colgate's
to-day

You can't help being pleased with a Colgate shave—your razor glides so easily, your chin feels so smooth and clean.

Treat yourself to a Colgate Shaving Stick to-day.

Shaving Stick - - -10d.
In bright nickel box - - 1/-
Handy-Grip Stick - - 1/3
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SHAVING STICK**

Softens every single hair

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Wonderful Winter
Coat Bargain.

MODEL 81038.—Built on tailored lines, its distinctive features are the coat side panel effects and the original pockets made in triangular tab effect as sketch, with most attractive result. Three small buttons trim each sleeve and the new front belt applies the finishing touch. In particularly pretty shades of Shrimp, Dull Rose, Caramel, Chestnut and Reseda; also in smart Navy and Black. Stock sizes: 34, 36 and 38 inch busts, 42, 44 and 46 inch lengths at back.

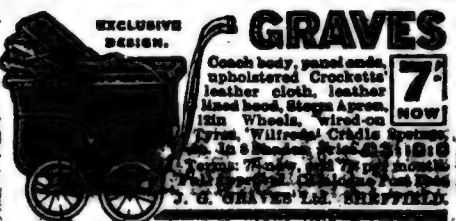
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Model 81043.—Brown Cashmere Fur Cloak with Marmot markings, and lined with Silk. Just the correct finish for this type of Coat. Price only **6/6**

ON APPROVAL.—If a deposit is forwarded, this model will be sent on approval.

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The perfect shave
at last with —

ECLIPSE
SAFETY RAZOR
BLADES

My face feels as
smooth as velvet!

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Buy a packet of 5 "Eclipse" Blades from your usual supplier (or if unable to obtain, send 1/8 to makers). If, after using 2, you are not entirely satisfied, return the 5 blades direct to us and your 1/8 will be refunded.

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8 Blankets 21/-



The lot
packed
free, and
sent on
receipt of
amount.

Money Re-
turned in
full if not
fully satis-
fied.

- 1 Yorkshire Comb White Tuffed Blanket, thick, warm, soft and cozy, full length and depth. Extra large size, 60 by 70 in.
- 2 Covered White Tuffed Blanket, thick, warm, soft and comfortable, well-finished and cozy, 51 by 70 in.
- 3 Hungarian Buckram-Quilted Blanket, 6 most durable and useful blanket, size 60 by 70 in., bordered.
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OFFERED BELOW WHOLESALE PRICES.

100,000 RUGS GIVEN AWAY



CARPETS (GUARANTEED GENUINE SARRAN)

Suitable for Drawing-rooms, Dining-rooms, Bedrooms, etc., in Turkey patterns, and in various shades of colors. These Carpets with their large fringes to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. These Carpets with their fringes will be sent out as sample carpets. They are made of material equal to best, and can only be obtained direct from our house, this being the purchase all middle profits. Money returned if not approved.

Thousands of Orders and unqualified Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. This is our gift of thanks to our customers. Please write to: J. B. NEILL & CO., Dept. K.5, Napier St., SHEFFIELD.

The WOMAN WHO TRIED all kinds of ointment

She suffered with a BAD LEG



and yearned for the old, happy, active life. So she tried 'all kinds of ointment' (except Germolene!). Result: disappointment—agony—weariness—despair. Do you know such a woman? Then tell her of the remedy that cures difficult and serious cases. Germolene would have saved her much bitter experience. It is not too late now. Even a lifetime of skin torture has been ended by Germolene. Read what it did for Miss Bone. It has done as much for thousands of others. If you suffer from any skin ailment get a tin to-day. You will soon discover that Germolene heals quickly as well as surely.

Germolene helped this woman

"About 18 months ago I got a sore on my leg which caused me such dreadful pain that I could not sleep. I kept on with my work during the day, in great pain sometimes, but I had to work. I tried all kinds of ointment, some of them nearly sent me mad. Then I saw Germolene advertised, but I thought it was sure to give me a lot of pain, and not till I was giving up hope did I try it. From the first dressing I had a fair night's rest. I recommend it gratefully to anyone who speaks to me of bad legs."—Miss B. Bone, Bracebridge, Ladywood Road, Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield.

GERMOLENE ASEPTIC SOAP

Use it instead of ordinary soap if your skin is ailing or complexion poor. You will soon see a big improvement.

Germolene ASEPTIC SKIN DRESSING

Buy a tin to-day. 1/3 or 3/6. You may need it to-morrow!

Vene Drug Co. (1925) Ltd.

Germolene is the most effective treatment for—

Eczema

Infectious rashes, sore and sore. Rely on Germolene to relieve irritation and clear the skin.

Ulcers

abscesses and other ailments arising from blood impurities—take Germolene to cleanse the blood and apply Germolene—handkerchiefs have been used to the success of this treatment.

Bad Leg

Germolene has scored many notable triumphs in the treatment of bad leg. Full directions are given in the little booklet included with every tin of Germolene.

Rashes

and Impetigo—every mother should possess the value of Germolene. It is also most efficacious in cases of ring-worm.

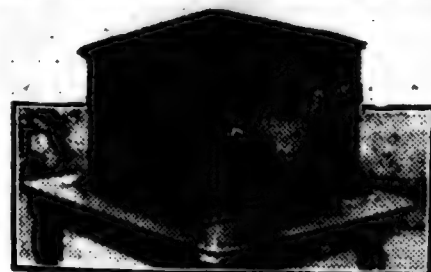
Scalds

Smear with Germolene and all the smarting and the pain will subside and the danger of blood poisoning will be prevented.

Cuts

Apply first—apply Germolene. Many have had cases of a small cut or scratch.

THE LOUD-SPEAKER AND OTHER ACCESSORIES



ARE INSIDE THE HANDSOME WALNUT CABINET

THE New General Radio Cabinet Receiver is a triumph of compactness in design. All the accessories which with old style wireless sets are grouped inartistically round the receiver (the H.T. Battery, the Low Tension Unit, the Battery and Loud-Speaker leads, the Loud-Speaker itself)—have places provided for them inside the handsome cabinet of the new General Radio Set. There are many other unique features about this wonderful new receiver that make it by far the best value for money ever offered to the public.

"MAGNETIC CONE" LOUD-SPEAKER. Although quite small in size this marvellous speaker produces clear and full-toned music at sufficient strength to fill a large room. Every note played, every word spoken is perfectly reproduced.

NO ACCUMULATOR

The days of accumulators are ended for ever. The **FILONATOR** does all that the old style accumulator did—and more. It can be recharged at HOME in a moment or two simply by dropping in a tablet. These tablets cost 1/- and the charge they give lasts a fortnight with average use. The Filonator is exclusive to General Radio.

DOUBLE-LIFE DOUBLE-POWER VALVES

These valves have been specially designed by leading valve manufacturers for use with the Filonator. They need only 1.4 volts to operate them with full efficiency. Their double filament ensures double life and double power.

SINGLE CONTROL TUNING

The new General Radio "Vernier" tuning is the simplest ever designed. The slow movement dial makes it easy to get stations at maximum strength and without trouble. The set is tuned for all wave lengths without additional coils.

NO INCREASE IN PRICE

The new General Radio 3-valve receiver costs only £12 complete and for those who wish their deferred terms are available (20/- down and 20/- a month for 12 months). Whichever way you buy every set is **INSTALLED FREE** in your own home by one of our engineers and left playing perfectly for you. You have nothing else to buy and no trouble of any kind. Free service calls are given after installation. No other firm provides a service anything like this, and no other set offers so much value for money. Fill in the coupon and get it to-day.

General Radio Co., Ltd.,
1-25, Brixton Road, London, W.3.
Please send me full particulars without obligation.
Name
Address
L17.

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1 to 42a, Brixton Rd., London, W.3
Showrooms: 105, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

FASHION'S LATEST MODEL.

This AMBRON
—BELTED—
CORSELETTE.SENT FOR
1/-
DEPOSIT.

LADIES—Here is your opportunity to secure the very latest fashionable figure-moulding garment—the Ambron Belted Corsette. It is a triumph of design, a perfect luxury to wear, and a model to enhance the natural grace of outline and figure-poise. It combines Style with delightful Comfort.

Examine it at Home. Pay by Instalments.

So confident am I that it will please you that I will send this Ambron Belted Corsette for you to try on in your own home, upon receipt of just 1/- Deposit. The full Bargain Price is only 8/11, balance of which you may pay by instalments, if preferred. Send Deposit and Coupon NOW, while you think of it.

Please read this description.

The Ambron Belted Corsette is an improved type of garment, giving the combined support of Corset and Brassiere in one. Made in strong striped Pink Coutille. Fitted with under belt (7" bust). Surgical elastic insets on hips. Adjustable shoulder straps. Six suspenders. An important feature are the spiral steels which run practically the full length of the back of the Corsette, giving an unbroken line of support. Equally suitable for slim, medium, and full figures.

B.C. BARGAIN COUPON.

Please send me on approval, with option of instalment terms, a new Ambron Belted Corsette at present bargain price of 8/11. My measurements are:—

BUST (over light underwear).....

I enclose 1/- deposit, with 4d. postage, and will remit balance of 7/11 either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/- or more.

State Bust measurement and enclose Coupon with name and full address and postal order crossed thus:—/ /.

Sizes range from 30-in. to 46-in. Bust.
JOHN BULL, 24/25, No. 409.

Post your Order at once to—

AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 443, Allen House,
70, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

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"The Liquid Wallpaper."

Easily applied, like paint, it produces a lovely surface of great durability. Made in 250 shades. 2 1/2 Stock 1/2 lb. de. Stocked by Harrods, Army and Navy Stores, Civil Service Stores, Bakers, and all other high-class stores and shops. Price 6/10 per 7 lb. tin.

Make Good all Cracks, etc., with
HYCOLITE PLASTER

Paintable—Won't discolour.

Supreme for filling cracks in walls or ceilings. Applied with either trowel or brush. Invisible joints. All colours. Price 6/10 per 7 lb. tin. Two samples (1 white, 1 colour) 1/- Post Free.

If your merchant does not yet stock—drop us a Postcard mentioning his name.

A Pair of Spring Cleaning Gloves given free with orders for 7 lb. and over sent direct to office.

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25-26, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.1.
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Our Letter Parliament

Slaves of the Whip

'Backward Progress—Exploited Miners—Our Spoiling Land

AFTER reading Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's article, "600 M.P.s Exposed" (JOHN BULL, December 31), one wonders what would happen if every measure were put to the free vote. If Members were permitted to judge every Bill on its merits, and to vote at the dictates of reason rather than at the behest of Party managers, one can see some sensational results.—*Voter, Tottenham, N.*

Forget Party

It is sad to see Party loyalty overriding everything, and it is time for the voters to let their representatives in Parliament know that they are expected on such questions as housing, unemployment, food, the depression of industry to forget their Party shibboleths, and to vote according to the dictates of their conscience.—*R., Wales.*

Strike Needed

It is degrading to learn how abject are the slaves of the Whip when the division-bell rings. What is worse, too, is the fact that all Parties are alike. No matter how good a Bill may be for the welfare of the people, by whatever Party it is proposed it must, according to political ethics, be opposed by the other Parties. It seems to be time that there was a strike against these methods by conscientious M.P.s—that is, if there are any.—*W. M. J., Palmer's Green.*

What a Farce!

Some few years ago I was granted a permit to visit the "House." The subject was one of interest to workers, and most of the visitors appeared to be of that class. What their thoughts must have been I do not know, but I was absolutely disgusted. Three or four Members were on the Government side, and about twenty on the Opposition. I never saw a more farcical performance in my life.—*J. B., Clerkenwell, E.C.*

Dancing Puppets

The average M.P. is merely a puppet dancing to the tune played on the division-bells by the Party Whips. Self-interest is the root cause. Let a Member strike out on individual lines, and his constituents, Party managers, and leaders soon "larn him," and his political career is ended. Honesty is the worst policy, so long as the Party system continues.—*R., Deptford.*

Silly Sheep

Is it not just because of blind subservience to the machine that few business men—the men who would legislate on business lines—think Parliament worth while? Instances there have been of men elected who have successfully controlled big industrial undertakings. They have not sought re-election, because they refused to act like sheep. So we have our Parliament left to the lawyers and carpet-baggers, with the result that honest consideration of vital problems affecting the national well-being are shelved for recolling expedients.—*A., Birmingham.*

Pledged to Party

It is absurd to attribute any lack of sincerity to M.P.s, when they vote in accordance with the dictates of their Party. Are they not pledged to support their Party? If an M.P. finds that any particular point of view taken by his Party is not in accordance with the dictates of his conscience, then he should either resign from the Party, should the question under discussion be of sufficient importance, or vote as he ought to—conscientiously.—*I., Liverpool.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Why?

Why should not all questions vitally affecting the country be left to the free vote of the House? For instance, why should Mr. Baldwin treat the so-called "Votes for Flappers" Bill as a Party question? Such a piece of legislation is manifestly one in which Party Whips should not be put on.—*Reform, Hants.*

Lame Loyalty

Some time ago I asked an M.P. for his opinion on a certain measure favoured by his Party. His reply was that, while he personally was strongly opposed to it, loyalty would compel him to stand by his Party and give the measure his support. Loyalty, fiddlesticks! How about a bit of loyalty to the public?—*W. C. B., Preston.*

What Good?

It is certainly true, as Mr. A. G. Gardiner says (JOHN BULL, December 31), that we have made remarkable progress during the last hundred years, but of what use are better conditions to the man who is denied work, and of what avail are the benefits of science to the people who are hardly able to get the bare necessities of life? And there are millions of British people in this sad plight to-day.—*N., Durham.*

Fatal Drift

The teaching profession, as the Rev. H. G. Wilkes pointed out in JOHN BULL, December 31, stands alone in the matter of aids to the poor aspirant. May I point out that such singularity is bad for the profession and bad for the nation? For it means that poor lads with a secondary education (through a scholarship) drift into teaching as the one opening possible, though they may have little bent and less desire to do so.—*Teacher, Kidderminster.*

Printers' Pie

[Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."]

"NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST":—

"There stood a lion and lioness. . . . Mr. —'s heart dropped into his boots BUT SO DID THEIRS."

"BIRMINGHAM WEEKLY POST":—
"He regarded his WIFELESS LICENCE as one of his best investments."

"LONDON OPINION":—"He picked up the dish, studied it attentively AND AT LAST ATE A SMALL PIECE, AND THEN HE ATE IT ALL, AND MORE AND MORE."

"HEREFORD TIMES":—"A child suspected to be suffering from scarlet fever should be isolated in bed and the doctor sent for at once."

"BUENOS AIRES HERALD":—"You might get very hot in a room, and then go out in the cold, and a CHILD is nearly sure to result."

"WESTERN EVENING HERALD" (Recipe):—"Take a pudding-basin, GREASE IT WELL WITH JAM, then pour in the mixture."

"BIRMINGHAM MAIL":—"In escaping, he left a FOOTPRINT on one of the window panes."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING POST":—"Loaves, meat and unlimited quantities of HOT TEA HAVE BEEN DISTRIBUTED IN THE FORM OF SANDWICHES."

Dilatory Justice

A man charged with stealing a car made five appearances in the dock at Marylebone, and each time was remanded owing to the illness of the magistrate. The alleged thief asserts that he has a receipt for the car, but whether guilty or not, it is surely a scandalous thing that a man's trial should be delayed for weeks because of a magistrate's absence.—*L., London.*

Save the Dog!

With the time due for renewal of dog licences, many owners are having anxiety over their pets. It comes at a time when work is slack and purses lean. Why not issue cards from the Post Office, and allow us to pay a few coppers a week, to be exchanged for a licence when the amount is acquired?—*Dog Lover, Berks.*

Foreign Dump

Recently, a large steamer, bringing in 3,000 tons of foreign ore, arrived at one of the Cumberland ports. When one considers that there is an abundance of iron-ore in the locality, that there are hundreds of unemployed men in the locality who would be glad to do the necessary digging, why should foreign ore be dumped in the district?—*J. S., Cumberland.*

Asking For It!

According to the stipulated minimum wage, no miner should receive less than approximately 40s. a day. He earns it. But there are colliery officials who must show a profit, and at some pits to ask for the "mint" is to ask for the "sack." So the miner, for the sake of his wife and bairns, has to be content with sometimes as little as 4s. a day.—*F. H., Dodworth.*

Our Safe Railways

Your compliment in JOHN BULL, December 31, to the efficiency of railway transport and the suggestion that an annual grant from the Treasury to the N.U.R. Benevolent Fund would be a gracious thing, earn for you the gratitude of at least 400,000 railwaymen. It is no small tribute to the devotion, self-sacrifice and proficiency of British railway staffs that it is found possible to maintain such a high standard of safety.—*W. S. Williams, Chairman, N.U.R., Liverpool.*

Land Famine

The unprecedented happenings during the recent snowfall should provide "food for thought" for our economic experts. That, in a few days, some rural districts were lacking the necessities of life should afford reflection for them. A few years ago every cottage on the countryside had sufficient store of home-produced provisions, such as bacon, potatoes, flour, etc., to have enabled them to have held out for a considerable time. Why are they now only living from hand to mouth, and no reserve? Land in plenty and spoiling, and workers insulted with the "dole."—*T. W. N., Glas.*

Of Course, They Do!

The hardships and disappointments sometimes suffered by ex-Servicemen and others emigrating to the Colonies, who have been rejected on medical grounds at the ports of embarkation, were mentioned in "Letter Parliament" some time ago. Canada has now revised her immigration regulations, and all emigrant passengers arriving in that country after February 15, 1928, will require to be in possession of medical certificate of identity attesting physical fitness by free examination at medical centres throughout this country. Evidently the authorities read JOHN BULL.—*C., Lancs.*

"FEED" WEAK NERVES for NEW "NERVE POWER"

A Simple Meal-Time Method of Restoring & Maintaining Nerve Health & Happiness

WATCH YOUR NERVES! Are they "standing up to" the strains of to-day?

Is Depression dulling your enjoyment of life?

Is Failing Energy making your daily duties an increasingly tiring task?

Are Cares, Worries and Fears sapping your Self-Confidence and Courage?

NO longer is the complaint known as "Nerves" confined to Mental Workers. It has invaded the ranks of Manual Workers, too—men and women, young, middle-aged and elderly.

It is only too true that it is the higher-souled and more generously self-sacrificing members of the community who supply the highest percentage of sufferers from "Nerves." What should function unitedly and harmoniously as "Nerve" becomes jangled "Nerves"—to the acute distress of men and women whose very nature it is to give always of their best—unflinchingly and unsparingly. They struggle on under a harrowing and haunting consciousness of their crippling inability to appear and work at their best. Their ambitions are fulfilled, their work is robbed of its true quality, and even their hopes are dashed to destruction.

Ebb and Flow of Mental-Nervous Force

"Top Hole" or "Below Par" are popular expressions that indicate the ebb and flow of the mental nervous force. "Top Hole" expresses Happiness, just as "Below Par" indicates a corresponding Depression.

Depression is the constant state of sufferers from "Nerves." Its victims are only too painfully conscious of their lack of a something ethereal and intangible yet supremely potent to uplift them from the dark Depths of Depression to the sun-lit Heights of Happiness.

The best and most nourishing of food fails to make good their ever-depressing loss, and "tonics" prove futile. Their vital need is extra nerve-nourishment—but it must be of a quality and quantity easy of assimilation in the most direct way.

"Reconditioning" Worn and Torn Nerves

The very sensitiveness of the brain and nerves makes them especially sensitive to both injurious

and beneficial influences. They are as responsive to the right kind of "re-conditioning nourishment" as they are to shock and strain.

It is well known to physiologists that weak nerves are weakened and exhausted because they are deficient in certain rarer elements of the special nutriment they need. These essential elements are combined in a preparation now well-known to the Medical Profession and the Public under its name of "The Muller Nerve Nutrient."

Taken as a "daily leaven" of ordinary food after one's usual meals, it enriches other foods with the elements essential to the re-conditioning of brain and nerve cells and structures that have suffered through overwork, illness, shock or other stress and strain.

Quick-Acting Improvement

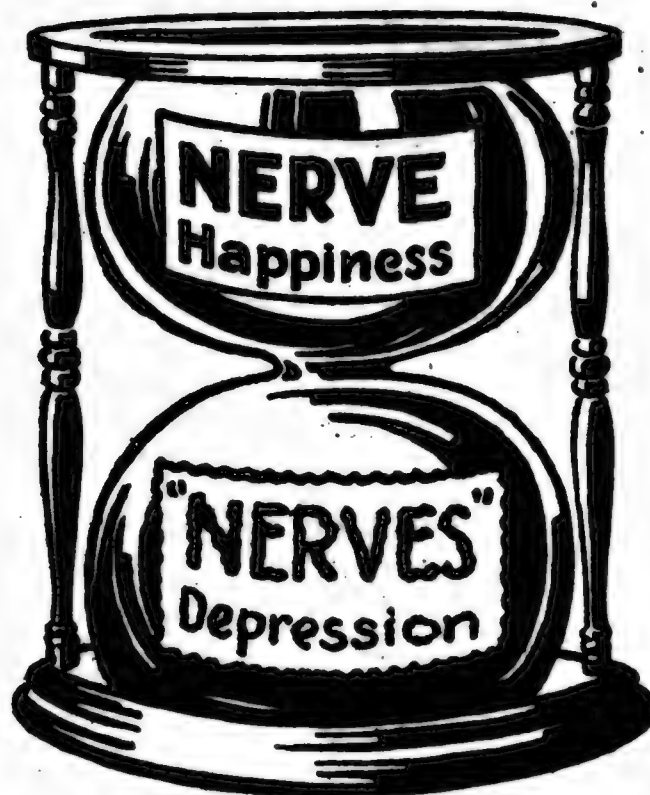
The daily progress in the direction of happier living is surprisingly rapid except in cases where lengthy periods of nerve weakness have developed a habit of low-level accommodation or toleration of the condition. Longer daily treatment is vitally important in such cases. Nature's own reparative powers are enfeebled, but "The Muller Nerve Nutrient" is an unrivalled food-leaven ally.

Readers whose nature it is to make heavy draughts upon their daily renewed supply of mental nervous energy will find a wonderful recruiter of their powers in "The Muller Nerve Nutrient" if they unflinchingly add it to their ordinary meals. They will feel "fit" always because they will be free from ups and downs of their energies, spirits and powers—because "The Muller Nerve Nutrient" both creates and conserves the "life" of their nervous system.

FREE PERSONAL TRIALS of "Nerve Reconditioning" for Happier Living

Interesting and valuable personal experiments in Happier because Healthier Living may be carried out by readers. Free 7-Days' Trial Supplies of "The Muller Nerve Nutrient" are being distributed direct from the Muller Laboratories in London. Each one Week's Free Trial Supply will be accompanied by a most helpfully informative "Book of the Nerves" (Illustrated). All who wish both to strengthen and sustain their nerves in healthy activity have only to post this coupon. Each applicant will receive his or her package by return post.

It may be added that all Chemists stock "The Muller Nerve Nutrient" as the standard food-leaven for the strengthening of the nerves. Boxes are obtainable at 3/-, or 3 times the quantity for 6/-. But everyone is welcome to try "The Muller Nerve Nutrient" free of personal cost first of all. The way to do so is to—



Symptoms of Warning to All.

The following Symptoms are Nature's Urgent Warnings to live more easily, or to Restore and Preserve the Nerve Capital in accordance with the Advice and Gift Offer in this Public Announcement:—

DEPRESSION, or low spirits, with fluctuating or lack of interest in the little things that interest others.

LACK OF ENERGY, with inability to stick at a job calling for continued effort—sudden feelings of exhaustion.

SUPER-SENSITIVENESS in matters affecting self and the feelings—trifles irritate—desire to avoid meeting one's superior—self-torturing thoughts as to the opinions of others.

MIND-WANDERING—forgetfulness—indecision—futile thoughts and thinking—fickle fancies.

BRAIN WEARINESS—inability to concentrate mental powers on a subject or problem for any length of time, sudden failure to memorize names or facts or figures—weakness of will—lack of self-confidence and courage—desire to put off what should be done.

SLEEPLESSNESS, or unrefreshing sleep—desire for sleep at odd times.

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION—fickle food and drink fancies and appetite—feeling of fullness or sleepiness after a meal—heartburn—palpitation—rumbling noises—wind—strange taste in mouth—varying senses or loss of taste.

LACK OF VITAL ENERGY—No "let's up and be doing" urge and energy—feeling that others "have all the luck" in going ahead—half-hearted feeling about most things in life—no "fire" or vigour.

HAUNTING FEARS AND FOREBODINGS that paralyse one's powers to promote personal profit and progress ("Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall")—"What is there to live for?"



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To Dept. 450, MULLER LABORATORIES, LTD.
Specialists in Food Science and Manufacture,
57, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, LONDON, W.1.

SIRS—I am interested in Happier Living and accept the offer of One Week's Trial Supply of The "Muller Nerve Nutrient" and a copy of "The Book of the Nerves" for which I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage, etc.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____



MULLER NERVE NUTRIENT

The Daily Food-Leaven of New Life and Strength for the Nerves. 3s. a Box. 3 Boxes in Package, 6s. At Chemists.

Douglas Stuart

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COMBINED WITH SECURITY
FOOTBALL
LISTS ON APPLICATION.

FOOTBALL

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES."

LINCOLN & NATIONAL
UNLIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS.
NO WAY BARRED.

DAILY S.P. LETTER
BUSINESS A SPECIALITY.

No Limit on Singles,
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GLASGOW.

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AND

ALFRED H. MAURICE, Ltd.

25, NORTH ALBION ST.,
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LETTER COMMISSIONS ACCEPTED FROM
1/- UP TO ANY AMOUNT IN ACCORDANCE
WITH OUR RULES.

NO LIMIT AND WINNINGS BY RETURN.

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LINCOLNSHIRE—GRAND NATIONAL

FOOTBALL

128 Teams.

PICK WHERE YOU LIKE!

Send for full particulars CUP-TIE LIST
and
CHALLENGER (CREDIT) COUPONS.

20/- in the £ ALWAYS.

AINTREE'S RECORD ENTRY

**Fine, but not Brilliant—Last Year's Leading Seven in Once More—
 The Milk-Fed White Park—A French Hope—Winners for Hurst**

SIXTY-NINE entries for the Grand National of 1927, 112 for 1928! The record number of nominations—better than the boom years, shortly after the war, when owners, like everyone else, had money to burn—is another bitter blow for the Dismal Jimmies. Also, it is a fine tonic after the long hold-up.

THEY are not a brilliant lot, but the Manifesto, Jerry M., and Troytown breed do not exist at the moment. I wonder how many of the keen racing men have noticed that the leading seven horses to complete the course last March are in once more—Sprig, 12 st. 4; Bovril III, 10 st. 12; Bright's Boy, 12 st. 7; Drimmond, 11 st. 2; Master of Arts, 10 st. 10; White Park, 12 st. 5; and Ballystockart, 11 st. 1. The only other to get round, Gerald L., is missing from the list.

BILLY BARTON and Burgoright from America, and The Ace II. and The Coyote from France, add the international flavouring, and another interesting entry is Carfax, who is sure to get in with a light weight. His victory over Thrown In a few weeks ago was very impressive and, as he can jump any country, he may turn out to be another Double Chance.

WE shall have to see how the handicapper, Mr. Topham, brings his record field together before we get down to serious discussion, but I am interested to see how he treats White Park.

THIS excellent 'chaser earned some notoriety prior to his appearance at Aintree as the milk-fed candidate to be ridden by the ex-milkman, Eric Foster. Added to which, he had put up fine performances at Cheltenham and Newbury, carrying 12 st. 7 lb. on both occasions.

HE finished sixth in the big 'chase, but was obviously the unluckiest of the troop. At the Canal Turn Grakle came to grief and caused Test Match, Gerald L and Blaenor to fall, and, at this point, White Park was brought down by one of the loose horses.

FOSTER caught the nine-year-old and went after the leaders, but was at least a quarter of a mile in the rear. Of course his position was hopeless, but he fenced perfectly and made up a terrific amount of ground. I reckoned that he was thirty or forty lengths behind Sprig at the finish.

THE COYOTE, one of the French hopes, is an eight-year-old son of Sea Sick, who failed in the Epsom Derby, but put up a fine record as a stayer in France subsequently. The best line to the form of The Coyote is found in the fact that he beat Jerpoint at level weights in the big 'chase at Auteuil last June, but many people thought he was lucky to do so. My French Correspondent says that the form can be accepted as it stands, and The Coyote is a greatly improved animal.

THE Lincoln weights will be out before another issue of JOHN BULL is on sale. In the racing swim one receives all sorts of information, and the only thing to do is to sift the wheat from the chaff. So far this has led me to my old friend, Orbindos. Last March, when second to Priory Park, he was set to carry 6 st. 8 lb., and I am assured that his connections will be satisfied if on this occasion the figures are no more than

reversed. I shall certainly advise my followers to back Gwilt's horse if the handicapper is not too harsh.

THOSE who are interested in Cramick as a likely horse for the Carloline race need not take too seriously the view that he is only a sprinter. Cramick was backed to beat Highborn II. at Newmarket when he first ran in this country, but he is bred to stay and will be tried over even longer distances than the Carloline mile this coming season. The son of Sardanapale was backward as a three-year-old, but a good deal is expected of him, and even if he falls at Lincoln is one to follow with confidence.

TENBY'S one and only meeting of the year figures on the board this week. Racing at this little venue in the south-west corner of Wales is not of a high order, but a small profit usually rewards those who follow the local trainer, D. Harrison. Harrison had a surprising turn-up at the last meeting when Oyster Maid, starting at 100 to 6, beat her odds-on stable companion, Bubbly.

THERE was a little money for the winner at starting price, but this did not get back to the course owing to a prevailing sea-mist, which more or less put a stop to tie-tac operations.



F. B. Rees

F. B. REES rides at the meeting, and he likes to be on a winner. F. B. and his brother L. B., and the famous brothers Anthony, first saw the light of day at Tenby, and the Rees brothers learnt the art of riding in Welsh pony races. F. B. showed such aptitude that he soon advanced to point-to-point races, and he scored his first success when only thirteen years of age.

WITH the kind permission of the River Thames, we may find one or two winners over the week-end at Hurst Park, but when I last saw the course it was more suitable for the boat race than an event for thoroughbreds. The best on the opening day is 2 L.O., and on Saturday I suggest Invermark, Spear o' War and Patsy.

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS
 6 HOME.—Birmingham, Huddersfield, Manchester U., Notts Forest, Stoke, Doncaster.
 5 HOME.—Bolton, Liverpool, Middlesbrough, Sheffield W., Celtic.
 4 HOME.—Birmingham, Bolton, Cardiff, Motherwell.
 3 AWAY.—Leicester, Rochdale, Albionians.
 3 DRAWS.—Blackpool v. Oldham, Wigan v. Stockport, Aldrie v. Glasgow Rangers.
 3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Birmingham, Newport, Celtic, Burny, Rochdale.
 1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Doncaster, Leicester, Queen's Park Rangers v. Southend.
FORECASTS FOR JANUARY 21.
THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.
HOME WINNERS.—Arsenal, Bolton, Burnley, Huddersfield, Leicester, Liverpool, Newcastle, Portsmouth.
Best Reports on All the Sports

"THE Sporting Life"
2d. DAILY

ONE of my correspondents, who usually huris a brickbat when he has had a bad week, remarks that I have been very quiet lately as to the success of the code selections. He ignores the fact that with practically no racing for three weeks there was not much to shout about. Up to the end of December the code showed a clear profit of five points, augmented on the resumption of racing at Haydock Park by the winning double, Fruscino and Fortune's Smile.

I NOTICE that Prince Sadin has been put into training once more and will be trained for future engagements by T. Leader. The half-brother to Sprig did code followers several good turns a year or so back, and is sure to score again if kept to long-distance hurdle events. I should not recommend him over fences.

DO you know that there are 330 trainees holding licences under Jockey Club Rules and 241 under National Hunt Rules? That there are 249 licensed jockeys on the flat, and no fewer than 211 apprentices and 275 riders "over the sticks"? A complete list of these appears in *The Sporting Life* Annual Summary of Past Racing (Second Edition) now on sale.

THERE will be numerous occasions, too, on which it will be necessary to refer to Mr. Dawkins' Free Handicap of the two-year-olds, now, of course, three-year-olds. This also is to be found in the "Summary." Other features are a complete return of the year's racing under both codes in Great Britain and Ireland, fully indexed, lists of winners of important events, dates of principal races, and other instructive matter. The book, revised and brought right up-to-date, can be obtained from all newsagents and bookstalls, or from the Publishers, 222-223, Strand, London, W.C.2. Price 3s. Post free 3s. 4d.
"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in *The Sporting Life*.
D 2 R I O U A G M Q X P T W

J Y G N B S H K F E V L 3 Z
 How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line as the case may be. **DHKBAGIQG** would read **JACK HORNER**.

The code will be changed in next week's **JOHN BULL**. It covers the racing from Wednesday, January 11, to Tuesday, January 17.

AWAY WINNER.—Everton.
DRAWS.—Middlesbrough v. Cardiff, Sheffield W. v. Blackburn.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION II.
HOME WINNERS.—Bristol O., Chelsea, Clapton O., Manchester O., Preston, Southampton, Swansea, West Bromwich.
AWAY WINNERS.—Port Vale.
DRAWS.—Notts Forest v. Leeds, Stoke v. Oldham.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III.
(NORTHERN)
HOME WINNERS.—Bradford O., Lincoln, New Brighton, Rochdale, Southport, Wrexham.
AWAY WINNERS.—Doncaster, Stockport.
DRAWS.—Chesterfield v. Bradford, Hartlepool v. Darlington, Rotherham v. Nelson.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III.
(SOUTHERN)
HOME WINNERS.—Brentford, Crystal Palace, Exeter, Luton, Millwall, Newport, Swindon, Watford.
AWAY WINNERS.—Plymouth.
DRAWS.—Coventry v. Bristol R., Torquay v. Norwich.

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in the great **£750** No Entrance Fee
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"TERRY" steelstranding
builds up and maintains health and physical
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it opens out contracted chests. Buy from
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5 lb. pull, 6/6; 9½ lb., 7/6; 19 lb., 8/6 each.
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**A NEW YEAR
FREE GIFT OFFER 1/9**
NOW
SOME
DELIVER

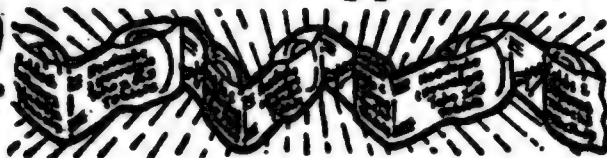
To celebrate a record sale in
Gramophones, I shall make a
generous New Year gift to
every reader of JOHN BULL
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Records, which I send on
14 "DAYS" APPROVAL,
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GUARANTEE PAID. I offer
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Chas. T. Robey!
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Beware of ASPRO IMITATIONS

It is the inside of an ASPRO tablet
that counts not the appearance.

**ALL ASPRO
IS SANTIPE
PACKED**



We are continually hearing of people purchasing
tablets that look like ASPRO, who say that
when they take these tablets they get no relief from pain, and they ask us
the reason. The imitations of ASPRO are numerous, but appearances do
not heal, it is the inside of the tablet that tells the story. If you want relief
from pain in five minutes ASPRO
will give it to you. If you wish to get
rid of a cold or influenza attack in one
night ASPRO will stop it for you.
On the other hand, should it be a
case of rheumatism ASPRO will
relieve it in 24 hours. For com-
plaints such as neuralgia, gout,
neuritis, alcoholic after-effects, pains
peculiar to women, sleeplessness,
irritability, etc., you can rely on the
wonderful soothing and relieving
powers that ASPRO exerts within
5 to 10 minutes. If anyone tries to
fool you by palming off something
that LOOKS LIKE ASPRO instead of
the real ASPRO, look out for his
motive—but still demand your
ASPRO.

HOW TO GIVE ASPRO TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving ASPRO to
the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or
(b) break the tablet up and administer in a
teaspoonful of jam. The dosage is: chil-
dren 3 to 6 years, ½ tablet; 6 to 14 years,
1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets.

**ANY RELIABLE CHEMIST
WILL HAND YOU ASPRO
WHEN YOU ASK FOR IT**

ASPRO
IS A SAFE
EFFECTIVE
GARGLE
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Two ASPRO tablets dissolved in four table-
spoonsful of water make a very excellent
gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis, and act as a
decongestant. The reason why ASPRO has such
quick action in banishing influenza and cold
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two powerful methods of attack to com-
plaints of this nature.

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ASPRO consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science.
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ASPRO BRINGS DEFINITE RELIEF in 5 to 10 MINUTES FOR

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TO WOMEN
NERVE SHOCK

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Per Packet

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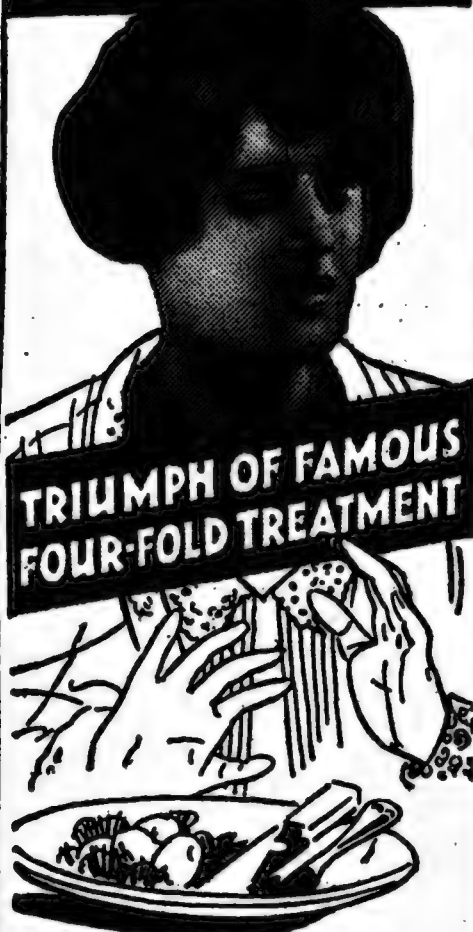
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Agents: GOLLIN & CO., PTY. LTD. (Aspro Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Telephone: Slough 408

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**TRIUMPH OF FAMOUS
FOUR-FOLD TREATMENT**

INDIGESTION causes nerve trouble. Nerve trouble causes indigestion. These are plain and well-recognised facts.

But when you ask "Which came first, my indigestion or my nerve trouble," real difficulties arise. Authorities cannot agree on this question. They do agree, however, that nerve treatment is as necessary as stomach treatment in the majority of dyspepsia cases, and that very many sufferers have failed to improve in the past because the nerves have been neglected.

Years ago the Veno chemists produced the formula to meet these requirements—Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Dr. Cassell's build up the nerves and enrich the blood, by means of Hypophosphites and Blood Nutrients, while appetite and digestion are stimulated by valuable Stomachics and Digestive Enzymes. It is this thoroughness which has restored so many apparently "hopeless" cases.

If you are a dyspepsia victim—do not waste precious time—start a course of Dr. Cassell's to-day!

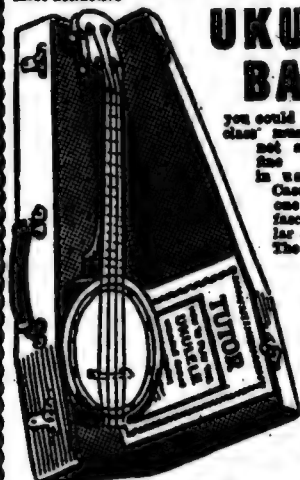
DR. Cassell's Tablets

2/3 & 3/- per box

Sole Producers: Veno Drug Co. (1925) Ltd.

NO DEPOSIT

To allow you to own one of these British made superior Ukulele Banjos we offer this magnificent new model on exceptional easy terms. This new model is of superior quality throughout; it is a genuine British made instrument as played by professional players, and a fine specimen of English workmanship, mahogany polished, ebony-finished arm inlaid with Pearl, Rosette Pegs, etc., and the most attractive.



UKULELE BANJO

you could wish for. A high-class musical instrument—yet a boy, but very fine quality comes in useful carrying case. Why not own one of these most fascinating and popular Ukulele Banjos. The case of 18-day. Everybody is playing and singing to it now. Why not you? Its wonderful tone is simply irresistible and drives away all care—it's so simple; a few hours' practice and a little study of the Free Tutor and you can entertain yourself and friends with all the latest song, dance, and jazz music.

Send your name and address only (no money), state occupation, and promise to pay 4/- on delivery and 4/- monthly until £7/6 (price in case complete) is paid. Write for one to-day; it's a wonderful bargain.

MASTERS Ltd., 83, Hope Street, RYE

Bad Legs

Positively Cured

Bad legs with wounds perhaps so surrounded with inflammation and swollen that when you press your fingers on the affected part an impression remains? Your knees may be swollen, the joints being ulcerated, round which the skin is discoloured. The disease may deprive you of the power to walk, and you may think your case hopeless. But do not despair. The Great English Remedy,

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT

with 60 years' reputation, goes to the root of the disease, reduces the inflammation, **DRAWS** out the poison, and positively cures Ulcers, Swollen Ankles, Poisoned Wounds, Abscesses, Carbuncles, etc., and immediately relieves and cures

CHILBLAINS

Broken or Unbroken.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/3 & 3/- per box

Or from GRASSHOPPER, Ltd., 36 North M., Holloway, N.7

**WHEN
YOU
HAVE A
STUFFY COLD**



When you suffer with a Head Cold, Nasal Catarrh, Influenza or Bronchitis or have any obstruction, soreness or discomfort of the nose clear your nasal airways with Nostroline Nasal Specific.

Until your nose is healthy and free from infection your whole respiratory system is threatened. "Nostroline" will clear the choked airways and disinfect from Nostril to Lung.

Get "Nostroline" to-day and breathe freely once more. Costs only 1/3 at the Chemist's. Insist on "Nostroline."

NOSTROLINE

Nasal Specific

From all Chemists. Price 1/3 & 3/-.

Stops HEAD COLDS, NASAL CATARRH, SORE THROAT and HAY FEVER.

Prevents INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA, DIPHTHERIA, MEASLES

Free sample on request from F.O.O. NOSTROLINE LABS., CLIFTON, BRISTOL

SHEETS GIVEN AWAY OUR NEW YEAR GIFT.

In 1928 we continue our leadership in giving supreme bedding value. Having secured a stock of real Lancashire Fine Twill Sheets it is our intention while the supply lasts to give one pair **FREE** to EVERY purchaser of our Monster Bedding Bag—IN ADDITION to the pair included in the Bag.



All bedding for full-size double beds.

You are not asked to take this wonderful bargain offer on trust; see it and if you are not entirely satisfied your money will be immediately refunded. Send your order at once and avoid disappointment, as there is sure to be a huge demand.

ONE Art DOWN QUILT (in good quality Sateen cover and panels).

PAIR of WHITE WOOLLY BLANKETS, English made, whipped and bordered.

PAIR of FINE TWILL SHEETS, real Lancashire woven, soft and durable.

PAIR of PILLOW CASES, pure White Longcloth, hemmed and buttoned.

ONE lovely ALHAMBRA QUILT, in all newest colourings and designs.

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PAIR of long NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS, or **TWO PAIRS of lovely GARNMENT CURTAINS**.

ONE BEDROOM RUG, coloured floral design.

EXTRA GIFT

of a charming CLOCK suitable for any room if full cash sent with order. This Rule can be purchased by any household. Send for particulars.

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Treasury notes should be registered. **L. & C. MOSS (D.J.B.)** Salford Square, MANCHESTER.

Are You Losing Hair—or Bald?

Do you know that when the hair falls out, or comes out on the comb, the roots DO NOT come out also? They remain in the scalp, and in very many cases can be invigorated and aided to grow new hair again even after a long time, by using Kotalko.

Mr. A. Brown, of Hackney, is but one of the big legions of users of Kotalko who has proved this to be true. "This time last year," he states, "I was completely bald. My hair had fallen out in patches, and even medical treatment failed to arrest the baldness. Finally, I had not a hair on my head."

"I then used Kotalko, and the results have been amazing. My friends marvel at the complete new hair growth which was brought on by the use of Kotalko."

"I have waited three months to make sure the new hair growth would be lasting, and I am pleased to send my photograph to prove that it is."

Test-Box Coupon

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or actually bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To: **KOTALKO, 141, 2, Finsbury Street (E.C.2), London, W.1**

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

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Address

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RELIEVED QUICKLY



Carter's Little Liver Pills Purely Vegetable Laxative move the bowels without pain or unpleasant after-effects. They relieve the

system of constipation poisons which often cause a dull and aching head. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be given with absolute confidence to every member of the family.

All chemists, 1/3 and 3/- pkgs. The genuine bear the signature *Wm. Carter*

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS

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PSORIASIS

Sufferers should not despair, but should write to us without delay, when **ONE WEEK'S FREE TREATMENT**

will be sent to any address, along with our Booklet of Testimonials, telling of the wonderful cures of skin diseases we have made, when other treatments have failed.

Send 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing.

Address: **Dept. 17, TOM WARD Ltd., Medical Skin Specialists, BRADFORD, YORKS.**

Nature's Remedy for **ECZEMA**

Sphagnol

Samples **FREE**

SOAPS AND OINTMENT

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JOHN BULL Replies



THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is timely and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a light note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

N. J. (Farnborough).—"Money talks." And walks.

G. C. (Horncliffe).—"What's wrong with the article I sent you?" All of it.

A. Y. (Riverside).—"A word to the wise is enough." When will you write four pages?

Jessie (Ridham).—"It is my ambition to be presented at court." On what charge?

A. V. (Grantham).—"We are having a chilly January." Yes, more like July, isn't it?

H. N. (Marsden).—"Christmas is over." You evidently keep in close touch with current affairs.

Mrs. B. (Manchester).—"My father's name was well known throughout the country." Hello, Smith!

D. N. (Doncaster).—"Travelling quack opicians should be prosecuted." Sure. They do you in the eye.

NAN (Dover).—"There are very few men with whom I'd get married." Probably even fewer than you think.

P. L. (Edinburgh).—"The snowflakes were as big as half-crowns." And we expect they melted just as quickly.

E. A. B. (Houghton).—"I collect old gramophone records and melt them down." You're a public benefactor.

L. C. (Stamford).—"This is a difficult letter to write." And, owing to your faint lead-pencil, it's a terror to read.

L. B. E. (Cromer).—"I had a very good education and am naturally clever." This makes your letter all the more surprising.

G. G. (Crowe).—"He called me a silly ass and I have witnesses to prove it." Then his assertion was obviously superfluous.

C. L. (Buckwell).—"If I met you in the street and attempted to speak to you, what steps would you take?" Jolly long ones.

Mrs. J. (Manchester).—"I wish every nation would trust in Providence." If they would trust one another a bit more it would satisfy us.

B. V. (Hendon).—"I walk to the office now to get some weight off." People probably think you are reduced to walking instead of walking to reduce.

A. T. (Farnham).—"My wife is angry if I come home late at night." We suppose she would like it even less if you came home early in the morning.

METTY A. (Bitcham).—"Because of the way I was dressed, he had the impudence to call me 'Little Miss Jumper.'" Why didn't you reply by calling him "Little Mr. Bouncer"?

WHAT about your income-tax? Do you fully understand the forms sent out by the authorities? Are you certain you are paying only a just amount? If you are in doubt about any of these matters, send to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, and experts will put you right. Now's the time to find out for sure.

HAROLD (Shareshoek).—"I have too much." Sure you don't mean too many?

T. D. M. (Sandwich).—"Every single bachelor must be taxed." There is no other sort.

Miss R. (Staines).—"My fiancé and I had a lovely day's fishing." Did you hook him?

L. B. (Reading).—"What is polite fiction?" Very often; "I'm sorry you must be going."

S. M. (Taunton).—"How can I become a centenarian?" Live for exactly one hundred years.

E. L. L. (Plymouth).—"No doubt you recognised my initials." We did—and we repeated them.

M. A. (Elmstead).—"I shave every morning before eight." We should have an audience like that.

F. N. (Iver).—"I am always changing my mind." Have you made your New Year resolutions yet?

Mrs. B. (Paddock Wood).—"I cry if I want anything badly." How many sons did your new dress cost?

T. B. (Dovercourt).—"What is meant by the wisdom of the serpent?" Well, you can't pull a serpent's leg.

T. B. (Southport).—"She's got another chap on her hands now." Tell her to try a little glycerine and cucumber.

HENRIETTA (Kidderminster).—"I really think girls are braver than men." They certainly display more backbone.

Mrs. F. (Gungah).—"I am sure I take everything the doctor orders." We wish he would order a lucid interval.

Miss G. (Thetford).—"I got my skates ready and then a thaw set in." So the frost turned out to be a frost after all.

J. D. (Peefing).—"What do you think of my handwriting?" Wonderful! And your inkly thumb-prints are very clear, too.

DEBORAH (Hampstead).—"When one fish can produce millions of eggs it makes one pause." And feel thankful it can't catch itself.

T. P. (Halloway).—"He never runs after the girls." There's no need to. Even if he runs away from them they'll catch him.

LILIAN (Mansfield).—"There are a lot of single girls in our factory who would make a good match for any man." With money to burn?

GERTIE (Leeds).—"I'm married to a very handsome, clever boy, and I never used paint or powder to catch him." You won on a straight flush?

H. L. P. (Acton).—"I'm thinking of turning over a new leaf." And the result depends upon whether you do it in your mind or your habits.

B. T. (Glasgow).—"A bridegroom is generally shy of speech-making at a wedding breakfast." Perhaps he realises that he has already said too much.

COCKNEY (London).—"What is an infallible way of telling mushrooms from leaden pipes?" If you die they were leaden pipes; if you live, mushrooms.

G. S. (Leeds).—"What do you think of a fellow spreading it about I was drunk because I disputed the fare with the conductor?" We can't say until we know whether the conductor was there or not.

N. H. (Cardiff).—"My wife and I are always of one mind." And we can guess whose.

G. S. (Lossiemouth).—"I'm thinking seriously of marriage." Quite right, it's no joke.

Mrs. K. (Hounslow).—"What's the matter with the workhouse?" The first syllable.

T. B. (Hull).—"I gave him a watch for the New Year." What should do for the present.

T. M. (Dublin).—"I don't boast about what I give." It's nothing to anybody but yourself.

M. H. (Chorley).—"I was leading man of a dramatic company." Did the others get away too?

T. V. (Belfast).—"Why do people talk so much about the weather?" Because it's always happening.

T. C. (Derby).—"I shall give up sending you humorous stories." That makes us laugh at last.

L. T. (Amersham).—"Is it unlucky to get married on a Friday?" Of course. But why only Fridays?

L. N. (Catford).—"Let the office boy read this article?" Why should his young mind be warped?

ETHEL (Glasgow).—"Mother was my chaperone." Nowadays most daughters chaperone their mothers.

L. N. (Amhurst).—"One pedestrian is killed in U.S.A. every eight hours." It must get very monotonous for him.

A. G. (Glasgow).—"I've turned over a new leaf for 1928." Turn over one more and you'll find the Mullard page. A \$300 First and twenty Mullard "Tenners" are waiting to be won.

L. B. (Hastings).—"A friend of mine told me to send you one of my poems." Then he's no friend of ours.

Mrs. H. (Salford).—"I think a census of cats should be taken." Surely it is included in the ordinary census returns?

L. B. (Belham).—"I forgot to write to you last week, so this is an extra long letter." We congratulated ourselves too soon.

P. L. (Bloomsbury).—"The photographs do not resemble me at all." Perhaps the photographer had a kind heart.

B. N. (Westgate).—"Some politicians are in favour of marking eggs." None, however, is in favour of eggs marking politicians.

A. R. (Chelsea).—"We sang carols outside your office Christmas week." Great Scott—we must apologise to the cat for kicking it.

A. R. (Prestwich).—"I take interest in my work." Did we ever get a circular from you offering huge sums on note of hand alone?

Miss L. (Bolton).—"Why shouldn't a girl speed up her motor on country roads?" We asked at the cemetery, but there was no answer.

HENRIETTA (Taplow).—"Women generally would make excellent statesmen." Naturally, they're so used to introducing bills into a house.

F. B. (Oswestry).—"I'll call on you next week, but I shan't be able to stay long." If you like you can just pass and we'll wave from the window.

A. N. (Ilkerton).—"She threw herself at his head." What sort of a landing did she make?

MARY (Stepney).—"I and my friend are always in dress." Each trying to outstep the other?

LAURA (Burnley).—"I'm going to be married, but it's a strict secret." Doesn't he know yet?

E. L. (Gosport).—"She asked me to join her in a cup of tea." What was she doing in a cup of tea?

STELLA (Llandudno).—"Dress is optional." But that doesn't mean you needn't wear anything.

J. T. (S.E. 20).—"Those who drink shorten their lives by half." But they often see double while they live.

GERTIE (Hallifax).—"Let me remind you that this is Leap Year." We don't care, Gertie. We're married.

H. C. (Swansea).—"What do you think of the end of my story?" It's a pity it doesn't explain why it began.

H. H. (Keswick).—"Where, I ask, are the churches going to?" Apparently to where Christianity ends and theology begins.

Mrs. C. (Heybridge).—"My piano is for my eldest daughter on her marriage." But why publish the fact and spoil her chances.

G. K. M. (Loughborough).—"What do you think of journalism as a calling?" Capital for young men with no desire to die rich.

N. R. (Romford).—"I'm going to turn over a new leaf now." Why not? You're at the end of the page.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)



THE reason why all your neighbours now use Mullard P.M. Valves with the wonderful P.M. Filament is easily found—ask them! They know and so will you the moment you introduce even one Mullard Valve into your set. Amazing quality of performance and length of service have made Mullard radio universal radio.

When buying Radio—

buy Mullard.

Mullard MASTER RADIO

INCREASED
£300
FIRST PRIZE

BULLETS
TENNER
NEW

TWENTY
PRIZES OF
£10
EACH

50 PRIZES OF £1

2nd Prize

£50

3rd Prize

£25

100 PRIZES OF 10/-

200 PRIZES OF 5/- 1000 PRIZES OF 2/6 8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 666.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. W. H. LAIRD,

Mess Bay Office, Workington.

Example:—OUR EXPORTS

Bullet:—OLD MASTERS—YOUNG MEN.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. W. J. SANDY, Ripway House, Albert Street, Newport-on-Trent.

Example:—A BATTLESHIP

Bullet:—LODGER THINKS HE'S SLEEPING.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. M. G. WAREING, 64, Canute Street, Preston.

Example:—POOR MOTHER

Bullet:—SELDON HEARS "POOR MOTHER!"

10 Prizes of £5 each:

W. E. BAKER, 9, Hawthorn Avenue, Brigg, Lincs.

POOR MOTHER—OFTEN "SITTING ROMANCE'S ASHES."

T. CLEGG, 7, Thornfield Road, Otter Park, Liverpool.

WHAT THE URGIN SAID—SNOWBALLING PHOTOGRAPH—"TAKE TRAIT!"

T. J. DENASH, 69, Bamber Street, Liverpool.

AT GENEVA—"SAFETY FIRST" THE DANGER.

T. FIST, Senr., 127, Hughes Street, Halliwell, Bolton.

A BATTLESHIP—NOW DY WANTS—EVERYBODY BUYS.

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(Continued on page 4).

How to Make "Bullets."

HAVE you tried your hand at making Bullets? All you have to do is this. Select any of the Examples below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent big Prize-winners were:—

Example:—BALDWIN'S PROBLEM

Bullet:—WHERE WIFE HIDES MATCHES.

Example:—OUR HEROES

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Example:—IF I WERE FORD

Bullet:—I'D "KEEP IT QUIET."

Example:—I'D "KEEP IT QUIET."

Bullet:—I'D "KEEP IT QUIET."

Example:—I'D "KEEP IT QUIET."

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Bullet:—I'D "KEEP IT QUIET."

Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 663, "John Bull," 1111 Ave. Linn. W.C.2. (Cont.)

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 19.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(663) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 4. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed

Address

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 19.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(663) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 4. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed

Address

Use Two, Three or Four words.

Enter name and address on each coupon.

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 19.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(663) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 4. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed

Address

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 19.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(663) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 4. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed

Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper. The original cheque for £1,500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 666 will be shown in the window of Mr. L. Ross, College Street, London. Reproduction on page 28. SPECIAL NEWSPAPER PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newspapers from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 663 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

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The whole world rejoiced when Stanley found Livingstone in 1871 and the women of the world have never ceased to rejoice since Hudson's Soap was discovered in 1837.

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